the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 23, 2000 • $3.95

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Fred Barnes • Andrew Ferguson
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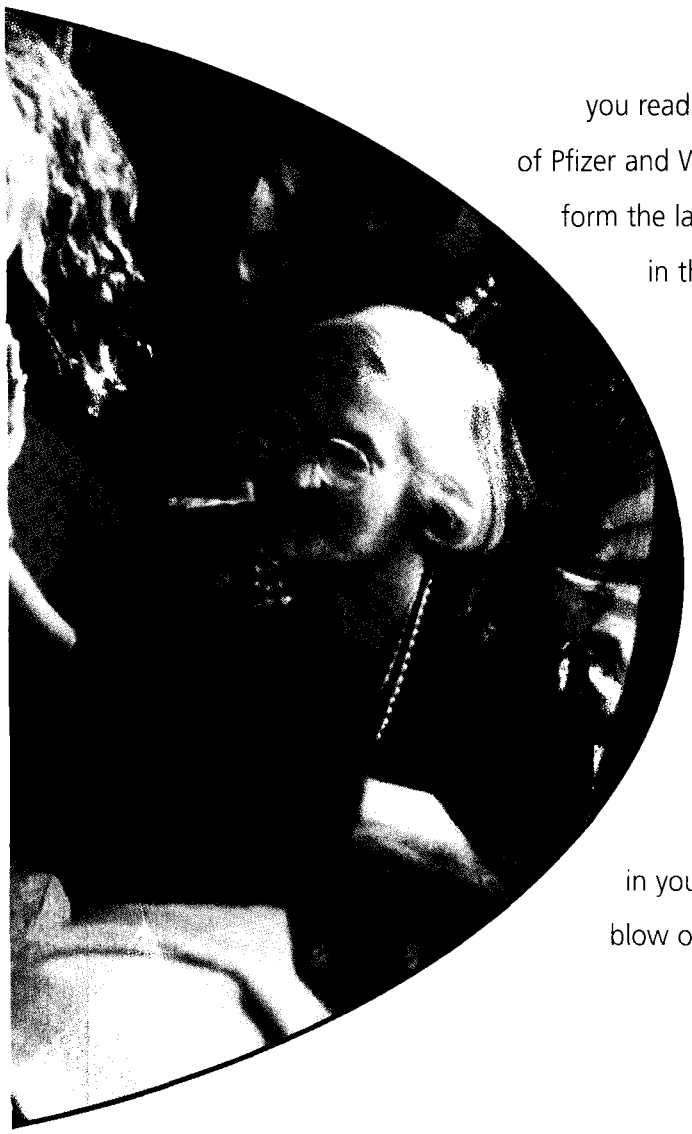

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the weekly Standard

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Al Gore's "Blue Ribbon" Bull

AP/Wide World Photos

A lot of bull: Gore at the 1987 Iowa State Fair, blue ribbon in hand, with Ankony Gore Dyno

During last week's presidential debate, Al Gore said that he couldn't promise he would "never get another detail wrong," but that he would "try not to, and hard." THE SCRAPBOOK has found something the vice president would be well-advised to try even harder to do—suppress old campaign memoranda. As we reported last week, courtesy of Matt Drudge, two campaign aides during Gore's 1988 presidential run sent lengthy internal missives to the serial embroiderer, trying to find a polite way to tell their boss to cut it out.

Of Gore's boasts that he was a farmer, then campaign press secretary Arlie Schardt wrote, "Your main pitfall is exaggeration. Be careful not to overstate your accomplishments . . ." In an even more entertaining passage, then deputy press secretary Mike Kopp wrote, "Jim O'Hara and Bruce Dobie (*Nashville Banner* and *Tennessean* reporters) asked me why you felt compelled to switch ribbons on the cattle for a photo opportunity at the Iowa State Fair."

This last charge piqued THE SCRAPBOOK's curiosity. Like most Americans, we assumed the bulk of Gore's brushes with Angus beef occurred when he ordered it with a baked potato and sprightly garnish. But, it turns out, in 1987, during a debate appearance at the Iowa State Fair, cattle from the Gore family's Tennessee farm were entered into competition. Gore even took to the ring in his dress shoes and tie, blue ribbon in hand, to show off the presumably award-winning 2,340 lb. Angus bull Ankony Gore Dyno.

As reported by Strobe Talbott (now deputy secretary of state, then *Time* magazine reporter), it was Gore's custom at the time to introduce himself as "the only farmer in the race." Never mind that Gore's congressional disclosure forms never showed any farm income other than the $4,800 his father paid him to lease some pasture. Still, we were stumped about the ribbon-switching allegation, so we called Mike Kopp, the memo's author, who had no recollection of the details. Likewise, Jim O'Hara (then an inquiring reporter for the *Tennessean*, now married to former Gore press secretary Marla Romash) drew a blank.

Fortunately, Bruce Dobie (then a reporter with the *Nashville Banner*, now editor of the *Nashville Scene*) had his memory jogged by the Kopp memo. "I'm certain there was hanky panky," says Dobie, whose paper recently endorsed Gore for president. "I'm absolutely certain that there was a first place ribbon that was not his that was put on that cow." As Dobie remembers it, during a photo op, Gore snatched the ribbon from "some poor, usurped Iowa farmer" in order to trot his own bull around the ring "to make it look as if he's got this winning cow." Dobie has no recollection of recounting the episode in print. "At the time," he says, "we thought it was inconsequential."

THE SCRAPBOOK called the Gore campaign to find out if their candidate was a ribbon-switcher. A tentative spokesman said they'd check into it, though he wasn't certain "we want to put anything out on that." Several hours later, however, they did, faxing us a news article with the highlighted information that Gore Farms did in fact win first place in the heifer class and "best of five" competition. Coincidentally, these details came from the *Nashville Banner* article written long ago by Bruce Dobie. Though Dobie had no recollection of committing the ribbon-switching to print, his story in fact states: "No matter that the bull Gore trotted around the arena . . . did not really win the blue ribbon being held out to photographers." (The Gore spokesman neglected to highlight this last bit.) Iowa State Fair records obtained by THE SCRAPBOOK show this particular bull in fact won fourth place.

In the same article, Gore is quoted as telling the crowd, "Sometimes, in presidential politics, the question is asked, 'Where is the beef?' Well in this campaign, we know right where it is." Suggestion for the Gore campaign: Replace "beef" with another bovine product and you've got yourself a handy new Gore 2000 slogan. ♦

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THE FORMAT FOR THE THIRD DEBATE

Judge Johnson vs. the *New York Times*

On Friday, October 6, Charles Bakaly, former spokesman for Kenneth Starr's Office of Independent Counsel, was acquitted of contempt of court charges brought by the Clinton Justice Department. The charges were the product of a leak investigation instigated by Clinton lawyer David Kendall, who in February 1999 had pounced on a *New York Times* story quoting unnamed "associates of Mr. Starr" to the effect that they might indict the president after he left office. At the time, in a sworn declaration to federal judge Norma Holloway Johnson, Bakaly denied being the source of any grand jury secrets revealed by the *Times* story. Later, however, Bakaly acknowledged to FBI agents that he had, in fact, talked to the *Times*'s reporter, Don Van Natta Jr., and was the source for some of the paper's information. That appeared to contradict his sworn declaration, so Bakaly was charged with contempt of court—which prosecution now ends with his vindication by Judge Johnson, largely on grounds that the *Times* story contained no grand jury leaks.

All of which was reported by the *Times* itself on Saturday, October 7, in a dispatch by reporter David Stout. Curiously, though, Stout neglected to report much the most interesting conclusion Johnson reached in her acquittal decision—even though it directly concerned his newspaper. For Judge Johnson found, as our David Tell previously predicted she would, that it was *Times* reporter Van Natta's "misleading," "deeply disturbing," and "fraudulent" journalism that allowed David Kendall to get this whole thing rolling in the first place. All the most inflammatory quotations Van Natta attributed to "associates of Mr. Starr," Judge Johnson points out, were in fact "lifted verbatim" from historical material concerning the Watergate investigation of 1974—and then "falsely described as present day debates within the OIC."

This is big news, one would think. But it wasn't fit to print in the *Times*. Too embarrassing to the paper's vanity. ♦

Al Gore and the Children of Texas

During the second debate, Vice President Gore's best line of attack, everyone seemed to agree, came on the issue of health care for children in Texas, which Gore said ranks "49th out of the 50 states."

This is a breathtakingly hypocritical attack, though the Bush campaign has been inept in its own defense. As Kenneth Weinstein pointed out in these pages last month, an innovative Medicaid reform pushed by Bush and the Texas legislature would have allowed the state "to expand health care coverage to up to 150,000 needy children." That quote is from a 1997 memo signed by Clinton's HHS secretary Donna Shalala urging approval of a federal waiver, without which the plan could not go forward. Unfortunately, Texas never got its waiver. Labor unions hated the plan and got it killed. Who intervened for them? Al Gore. ♦

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Casual

Forget the Titans

Dear loyal reader, I hesitate to tell you this. But I have lately detected in myself stirrings of the personal growth variety. And they have caused me to doubt certain ideas I have promoted in this magazine for years—like that policies of enforced race and gender equity are foolish.

It began a month ago at a movie theater near my home in Bethesda, Maryland. I took my son Nick to see *Remember the Titans*, starring . . . you know, the dignified one, Denzel Washington or Tom Hanks, I can never tell them apart. Anyhow, the movie was the extremely true story of an integrated high school football team in 1971 whose members overcame hatred and prejudice to achieve racial harmony and a state championship. Nick said he thought the film was "okay." I had a more intense reaction. This movie literally changed my life.

You see, the football players in *Titans* were students at T.C. Williams, a Virginia high school five miles from the rival school I attended at about the same time. Only nothing in this extremely true story was as my memory had recorded it. I had remembered Northern Virginia in the early 1970s as an anodyne and placid suburb. I had remembered us as mostly white. But I had remembered having black friends, too, one in particular who played for *my* high school's football team. And I hadn't remembered this being an issue. In fact, I'd thought that any kid who tried to make it an issue would have had the snot beat out of him by his dad.

But I had been deluding myself. First, as the movie points out, back then all of us had thick southern accents like Gomer Pyle. And we didn't cotton to "race mixing"; the movie is quite firm about that. Our parents rioted against integration and threw bricks through black people's windows and called them "monkey." Also, I *couldn't* have had a black friend on the football team, because unlike T.C. Williams, my high school, Annandale, had a formal whites-only sports policy. It says so right there in the screenplay. And again, *Titans* is an extremely true story, not in all its picayune details, but certainly, as Al Gore would say, where the "big things" are concerned.

Darren Gygi

The biggest thing, of course, is the worst: I must have been raised a redneck. "Mom," Nick asked when we got home from the theater, "how come Dad's high school didn't allow black kids to play football?" An excellent question, my son.

That my racist childhood must be distorting my politics became clear to me at Nick's next Little League game. Another parent happened to ask how I would be voting in November. I like to lie low about such stuff, so I tried to evade the question. But my body language tipped him off that I might not vote for Gore. "You're a fascist," this fellow blandly informed me. At first I was incredulous. I'd not been taught that voting Republican made a man a fascist. And then it occurred to me: That is precisely the kind of civics lesson those white-hooded crackers would have withheld from me in social studies class back at Annandale.

I have been stewing about these revelations, as you might imagine. I have decided to make penance for my previous sins. And I have already settled on my first move.

Directly across the street from my house, there is a thick woods owned by the Burning Tree Country Club. A while back, Burning Tree became locally notorious for its refusal to admit women. To me, the controversy meant nothing: Let the ridiculous geezers smoke their cigars in peace, I thought. But our county council members, none of whom grew up in Deep South ignorance like me, knew better. So they hiked Burning Tree's real estate taxes through the roof to pressure the club to open its doors.

Now, finally, it appears that the club is going broke. But rather than buckle to unisexualism, Burning Tree has chosen to raise money by selling off the woods outside my living room window—to a large corporation which plans to replace the trees with a gigantic commercial retirement complex. I will oppose this plan with every fiber of my being. It will destroy the resale value of my property, but that really has nothing to do with it. Rather, multicultural anti-fascist that I have become, I am concerned that the local golf course not be allowed to subsidize its horrifying discrimination against women. This is twenty-first century Bethesda, Maryland, after all, not Jim Crow Annandale.

Come to think of it, twenty-first century Bethesda, Maryland, doesn't appear to "allow" too many black kids to play on its high school football team, either, and I must remember to write Mr. Washington—or is it Mr. Hanks?—about that. Also, if I can't defeat the retirement complex before our zoning board, I must remember to write to Al Gore about the endangered insects that will lose their homes if the damn thing gets built.

I promise you further reports on my personal growth. Even if I have to publish them in the *Nation*.

David Tell

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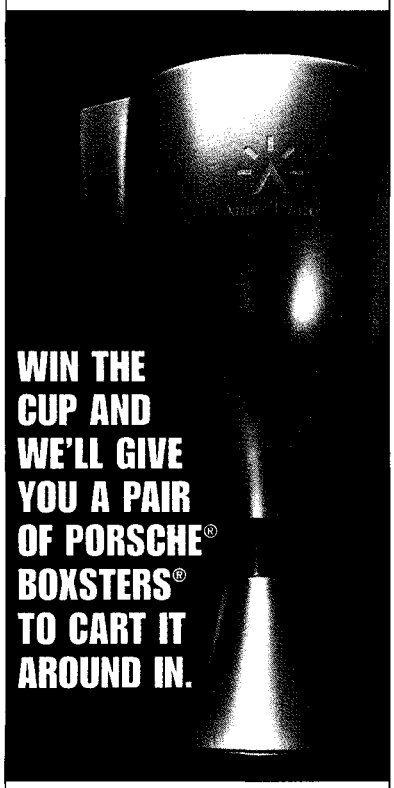

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Convenient Killing

Wesley Smith's commentary on the culture of death in England and America is acute and enlightening, but I suspect that socialist talk of "low quality of life" is newspeak for other considerations ("Twin Killing," Oct. 9).

What determines who will be legally killed in modern welfare states is the political impotence of the victims and the large cost of caring for them. Socialists pretend great compassion for the old, the sickly, and the disabled as long as they constitute a large enough class to matter politically and are not too expensive to maintain. But considerations of "distributive justice" inevitably take precedence when the costs of care exceed the political clout of those receiving it.

The same economic consideration explains socialist defenses of abortion. Women at work paying taxes are a lesser burden on the welfare state than moms at home raising children. Failure to acknowledge this is just another instance of the hypocrisy of politicians more interested in power than in people.

Max Hocutt
Northport, AL

Peace Before His Time

In "Shelf Life," David Brooks traced Neville Chamberlain's "peace in our time" to the writings of his half-brother Austen Chamberlain (Oct. 9). The origins of this famous phrase pre-date Austen Chamberlain. "Give to us peace in our time, O Lord" is the refrain of a hymn written by H.F. Chorley in 1842 and sung in Anglican churches around the world to this day.

Tom Graham
Houston, TX

More Reds for the VCR

I greatly enjoyed Spencer Warren's article on communism as depicted in the movies ("Celluloid Soviets," Oct. 9). In addition to the films he mentioned, I would add a couple of others.

Although it was not a Hollywood production, there was an excellent film adaptation of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, which starred Tom Courtenay. Also, a few years ago HBO produced a film called *Citizen X*, about a serial killer in the Soviet Union during the 1980s. The hero, a non-political detective, has all kinds of problems tracking down the killer, partly because of the bureaucratic obstacles he has to overcome, not to mention the fact that the killer has Communist party connections to protect him. The film is an excellent depiction of the Soviet bureaucracy at its most sclerotic and corrupt.

Richard DiNardo
Fredericksburg, VA

In Spencer Warren's "Celluloid Soviets," he refers to the "infamous" Warner Brothers production, *Mission to Moscow*. I have been doing some research on Ambassador Joseph Davies, upon whose memoir the film was based. What I have learned is that FDR, an admirer of Davies, asked Jack Warner to make the film, and that Soviet officials were on the Warner set as "advisers" while the film was being shot.

As for Davies, a major agent of influence on behalf of the Soviet Union who defended the Moscow trials, he made this incredible statement in 1946: "Russia in self-defense has every moral right to seek atomic-bomb information through military espionage if excluded from such information by her former fighting allies."

Arnold Beichman
Research Fellow
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• • •

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Gore's Last Stand?

It ain't over.

I wish it were. As I write, on Friday, October 13, after the second presidential debate and before the third, George W. Bush seems to hold a small lead over Al Gore. I've already voted for Bush by absentee ballot in Virginia. I wish all my fellow Americans could also vote this weekend, under the influence of Bush's competent performance Wednesday night and Gore's lackluster one. But, unfortunately, there are three weeks and one debate left.

More important, real things are happening in real time in the real world that could very much affect the outcome of this election. The Arab-Israeli conflict, the terrorist attack on the American ship in Aden, the rise in oil prices, nervousness in the stock market—all these things introduce further volatility into what has already been an unpredictable campaign. The candidates will have to react to these events, and their reactions will be more newsworthy than the choreographed speeches and prepared position papers that campaign organizations are fond of.

It's going to be difficult for the Bush campaign to run out the clock. It will be particularly difficult if Gore decides to throw a long ball or two. What might he try to put Bush on the defensive? Foreign policy is an obvious choice.

What this means is that it's going to be difficult for the Bush campaign to sit on the ball and run out the clock. It will be particularly difficult if Gore decides to throw a long ball or two. If it's clear Gore really is behind by Tuesday night's debate, then the Bush campaign should, I think, expect a surprise from Gore. Whatever one thinks of Gore—and the editors of this magazine have made no secret of our rather low opinion of him—he is capable of being a bold and ruthless politician.

What might Gore try Tuesday night? Given the news, foreign policy is the obvious place for him to try to put Bush on the defensive, both in terms of policy and competence. In the second debate, Bush wisely shied away from the neo-isolationism of congressional Republicans. Indeed, he went out of his way to mute differences with the Clinton-Gore administration as much as possible. And, in terms of competence, Bush was well enough prepared that Gore did not appear appreciably better informed or in possession of more reliable judgment.

How could Gore disrupt this situation of equipoise that benefits Bush? Here's one possibility. Gore could break with President Clinton on the Middle East by declaring that the United States had gone as far as it could in playing the role of "honest broker" between Israel and the Palestinians. Gore could argue—correctly, we think—that whatever the merits of the Clinton administration's past attempts to broker a peace process, events of the last two weeks have made it important for the United States to stand unambiguously with its democratic ally Israel, and for the United States to begin to hold Arab leaders like Chairman Arafat and Egypt's President Mubarak accountable for their unwillingness to be partners in peace. Gore might suggest the possibility of reducing U.S. aid to Egypt or to the Palestinian authority. He could embrace the argument made so eloquently and forcibly by Natan Sharansky last week that U.S. policy towards Arab dictators needs to be fundamentally rethought, that Arabs no less than Serbs or South Koreans deserve democracy. In other words, Gore could adopt a Scoop Jackson position on the Middle East, a position he has inclined towards in the past and which close advisers ranging from Joe Lieberman to Marty Peretz would be happy to help him articulate.

Perhaps all this wouldn't matter much. Most Americans aren't experts on Middle East policy, and it's not even clear that being "pro-Israel" is more popular than

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"evenhandedness." But if Gore took such a tack—and I believe it is under consideration in Gore headquarters—it would do four things. First it would throw something unexpected at Bush, who would have to react and presumably engage in a real debate on Middle East policy, putting Bush into relatively uncharted waters with the possibility of errors and statements that are not well thought through. Second, it could broaden into a larger foreign policy debate on America's role in the world, where we suspect that Gore's embrace of aggressive American leadership, including moral leadership, might prove politically attractive by contrast with Bush's bring-the-troops-home "realism." Third, it would bring foreign policy front and center in the campaign, and therefore the question of who is better prepared to be commander in chief, which presumably would help Gore, especially if he can outduel Bush on that front Tuesday night. And last, it would decouple Gore from Clinton in a bold way.

Surely it is no accident that Gore's best weeks of the campaign came after he picked Lieberman, kissed his wife, and, so to speak, ditched Clinton at the Democratic convention. Conversely, Bush has regained the lead from Gore as questions about Gore's character have come back to the fore. Those questions revolve around whether Gore will do or say anything to win, and around the vanity or unnatural self-regard that impels Gore repeatedly to let loose with boastful and self-aggrandizing exaggerations (not just get "some of the details wrong," as he likes to say). In other words, Bush has benefited when electing Gore has seemed to mean a continuation of the unattractive aspects of the last eight years of Bill Clinton.

Yet despite Gore's manifest flaws, Bush has not closed the sale. The sudden eventfulness of October has raised the stakes and will place a premium on the flexibility of the two campaign organizations and the quick reflexes of the candidates.

Gore may, in the end, prove too cautious to try to turn the shifting sands of Middle East policy into a political trap for Bush. It would nonetheless be wise for the Bush campaign to be prepared, both technically and substantively, for this kind of October surprise. Gore will not go down without a fight. Bush needs to be ready to fight back. And sometimes the best way to fight back is not to wait for your opponent to strike first.

—*William Kristol*

Michael Ramirez

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Misunderstanding the Debates

What shall it profit a candidate if he wins the debate and loses the election? BY FRED BARNES

DAVID SMICK, then an aide to Jack Kemp, invited a group of reporters and columnists to his house in October 1980 to watch the debate between Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. "Every one of them thought Carter won," Smick says. So did I. As a political reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*, I watched the debate in the newsroom, wrote about it, then late that night drove to Philadelphia to cover another campaign story. On the way, I listened to Larry King's old radio show. From all over America, calls showered in. Practically every caller had loved Reagan's performance in the debate and loathed Carter's. Many derided Carter's reference to his daughter Amy's concerns about nuclear proliferation.

The reaction to presidential debates inside the Beltway, in the political community, and among journalists is often wrong. We know now, of course, that Reagan won a smashing victory in the 1980 debate, blew open a close race, and went on to defeat Carter in a landslide seven days later. Millions of voters saw things in the debate that the political cognoscenti missed. It happened again, to a lesser extent, in the first debate between Al Gore and George W. Bush on October 3. Most people involved in politics, including many conservatives, thought Bush's performance was disastrous and Gore won easily. We already know how wrong that verdict was.

So why the disparity in judging presidential debates? Those who work in politics full-time view debates like a boxing match. To decide on a winner, they keep track of the number of blows struck and count up who took the most rounds (or separate issues). In the second Bush-Gore debate last week, for example, Dan Balz of the *Washington Post* noted that "Gore began to score points with repeated criticism of Bush's record in Texas." Most voters don't see debates that way.

What voters draw from watching a presidential debate is a general perception of the candidates. It's an "impression game," says Michael Deaver, the ex-Reagan adviser. Details, important to the political crowd, don't matter much to average Americans. They don't watch that intently and they're distrustful of the facts and figures politicians spew anyway. "There's a generic skepticism," says pollster Scott Rasmussen of Charlotte, N.C. By larding his debate performances with details, Gore hasn't helped himself.

Even when a candidate seems to be hammering away on a point successfully, he may be creating a bad impression. In the first debate, Gore repeatedly attacked Bush's tax cut as heavily tilted toward the top one percent of income earners. Bush not only didn't respond directly, he appeared unable to. This prompted Gore to repeat his point over and over. Voters must have concluded: Gore hates tax cuts. "You couldn't watch that debate and believe you're going to get a tax cut from Gore," says GOP consultant Jeffrey Bell. Yes, Gore said he favors "targeted" tax cuts. But those are seen as tax cuts other people get.

Rather than details, what matters are themes and concepts. Watching Reagan's 1980 performance again, I was amazed at how brilliantly he stressed themes. At one point, he uncorked this in defense of his tax cut: "I would like to ask the president why it is inflationary to let the people keep more of their own money and spend it the way that they like, and it isn't inflationary to let him take that money and spend it the way he wants?" Bush is no Reagan, but he got a few themes across in debates one and two: He's not from Washington, he's the outsider, his tax cut is for all taxpayers, he's a conservative. Gore made the mistake Carter made. He talked up program after program. Individually, each might be popular, but the cumulative impression was Gore as a man of Washington and of big government. Or as Reagan said of Carter in their debate: "He seeks the solution to anything as another opportunity for a federal government program."

Everyone knows personality is important. Bush conveys his by constantly smiling and through folksy guy talk, and average folks react favorably. He's not witty, but he's extraordinarily likeable. Gore, at least in the debates, isn't. He toned down his belligerence in the second debate without making himself more appealing. But there's a trait that's far more important than personality. It's temperament. It's a quality of leadership that people notice when they get their first extended glimpse of candidates in debates. Journalists and the political community usually aren't aware of it. They've seen so much of the candidates beforehand that temperament slips under their radar. The press obsesses on how smart candidates are. Voters watching a presidential debate are more interested in temperament.

Oliver Wendell Holmes famously commented that Franklin D. Roosevelt had "a second-class intellect but a first-class temperament." He meant the way FDR carried himself, his sense of ease. FDR was sober without being pompous, serious without appearing to take himself too seriously. In the 1980 debate, Deaver says, Reagan came across similarly. "The impression was, this guy is calm, he has grace, he is reasonable," according to Deaver. The media and the Beltway crowd missed this entirely, thinking

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Carter was smarter than Reagan and naturally carried the debate.

Former House speaker Newt Gingrich thinks you can catch a peek of a candidate's temperament by turning off the sound on your television. Bush doesn't rise to the FDR or Reagan level, for sure, but it's here that Gore has faltered badly. In the first debate, it wasn't just the sighing. It was his exaggerated facial expressions, his nervous moving around behind the podium like a man needing to go to the bathroom, his tearing of sheets of paper, his interruptions. He appeared overwrought. Bush didn't. In the second debate, Gore was bland, passionless, but still a bit ill at ease. Bush looked relaxed.

Another misunderstood factor in debates is expectations. Most voters don't have a strong sense of the candidate before they watch a debate. For them, the campaign has been background noise. For the media, however, expectations are paramount. This explains why most journalists thought Bush won the second debate. The press stereotype of Bush is that he's charming but doesn't know much, particularly about foreign affairs. So when he talked fluently about foreign issues for 45 minutes, he exceeded their expectations. My guess is most voters were less impressed, merely taking the Bush chatter about East Timor, the IMF, and the Middle East at face value.

For all the hype, debates are sometimes less significant than we think. Reagan lost both debates to Walter Mondale in 1984 and won the election by 18 points. In the first, he tried to be a detail man and flopped. In the second, he was cut off in the middle of his incoherent tale about driving down the Pacific Coast Highway. In 1988, 1992, and 1996, debates had minimal impact. But this year, with non-incumbent candidates whose style and manner weren't well known to voters, the debates could be decisive. Should Gore win after losing the first two debates, we'll know they were not. If Bush becomes president, though, his performance in the debates will have made it happen. ♦

How Bush Galluped Ahead

It don't mean a thing, that 19-point swing.

BY TUCKER CARLSON

EVEN BEFORE George W. Bush stomped Al Gore in the second presidential debate, there were signs that Bush's campaign was gaining ground. One big sign, actually. A Gallup poll commissioned by CNN and *USA Today* showed Bush ahead nationally by 8 points. A poll by Gallup released three days before had indicated that Bush was losing to Gore by 11 points. In 72 hours Bush had surged 19 points. That's a gain of more than 1 percentage point every four hours, including the hours when most of America is asleep. No presidential candidate has ever risen so quickly in the polls. Bush partisans cheered.

Pollsters who don't work for Gallup groaned: "It doesn't happen that way"; "Get real"; "That poll is a joke and a disaster." Those were comments from Republican pollsters. Even the Bush campaign made it clear that the Gallup poll must be wrong.

And it was. The samples of voters Gallup used for its polls apparently were skewed. In the first poll, too many Democrats were surveyed; in the second, too many Republicans. There was also the problem of data gathered on weekends, as some of the Gallup numbers were. It has been long known that polls taken on Friday and Saturday tend to yield odd results. (Consider who would willingly engage in an extended colloquy with a script-reading poll company employee on a Friday night. Not your average voter.) In the end, a spokesman for Gallup admitted to the *Washington Post* that the company's techniques may have "slightly" inflated the results.

If Bush isn't up 8 points, where is he? In an unusually close race with Gore, is the short answer. Who's winning depends on how you read the numbers. At the end of last week, according to an analysis by *National Journal*, Gore was leading Bush in states with a combined total of 281 electoral votes, 11 more than required to win. Bush was up in states with a total of 227. But if you discount the polls in which either candidate is leading only within the margin of error, things look different. By this measure, Bush has locked up 127 electoral votes. Gore has 92.

Consider the most important states individually and you get the same split picture. Gore is now winning in a huge hunk of the vital eastern heartland—Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, and Illinois—as well as in Pennsylvania. Or he may not be. In each of these much-written-about swing states, Gore's lead falls within the margin of error. The same is true of Bush in Ohio, Tennessee, and West Virginia, among other states.

A race this close makes for a confusing electoral map. "If the grand and august national political media only knew how much they were jerked around by the margin of error, they'd be shocked," says GOP consultant Mike Murphy, who with obvious pleasure describes polls as "the astrology of the modern campaign." The Bush campaign, however, believes it sees movement in the numbers. This is partly because there has been some. Three weeks ago, an unreleased poll commissioned by the campaign showed Bush down by 13 points in Pennsylvania. Last week, the same internal poll (this one released to the press) indicated that Bush was within 2 points of Gore there.

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Strategists in Austin, who have access to far more detailed data than news organizations are willing to pay for, say they have other polls that show similar, though mostly less dramatic, movement. But ultimately even the most basic national surveys may be enough to call the race. If Bush winds up leading Gore nationally by 3 points or more, the Electoral College probably won't matter. At that point, the swing states swing. No candidate is going to be 3 points up on Election Day and lose the election.

The Bush campaign believes it is already there. In a tight race, debates matter, and since the candidates' first encounter in Boston, there has been a 4- or 5-point movement toward Bush in national polls. Matthew Dowd, a longtime political consultant who analyzes polls for the Bush campaign in Austin, points out that Bush now stands at where he was in April. Once Gore's post-convention glow wore off, Dowd argues, Bush returned to his natural level of support.

And unless something dramatic happens, the Bush campaign seems to fully expect him to stay there. Although their product is constantly cited to foretell the future, most pollsters are curiously hesitant to make predictions. Matthew Dowd isn't. The polls taken after the third and final debate, Dowd says, will be a "signal to where this race is going into Election Day. There will be a pattern." If Bush is up at the end of the week, he'll likely win. If he's not, he likely won't. We'll know soon. ♦

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Will West Virginia Go Republican?

Bush is surprisingly strong in coal country, and he may have coattails. BY MATTHEW REES

Elkins, West Virginia

DICK KIMBLER is about as loyal a Democrat as you'll find. A 63-year-old coal miner from Sharples, West Virginia, and president of Local 2935 of the United Mine Workers, he's never voted Republican in a presidential election —not even when George McGovern was the Democratic nominee. But on October 2, when George W. Bush came to Huntington, West Virginia, for a rally on the banks of the Ohio River, Kimbler introduced the Texas governor to the energized crowd of 1,500. In his brief remarks, he said there was a simple reason why he'd decided to support Bush: "The Democratic administration shut my mine down." The 50 coal miners flanking Kimbler on the stage and the hundreds in the crowd bellowed in agreement.

Kimbler's defection illuminates one of the most surprising developments in this year's presidential campaign: Bush has an excellent chance to win West Virginia, a state where Democrats outnumber Republicans by more than two to one. The most recent statewide poll, conducted for the *Charleston Gazette*, showed Bush leading Al Gore by two points. Bush's coattails might even be decisive in an open congressional seat, where the Republican, Shelley Moore Capito, is only narrowly trailing Democrat Jim Humphreys even though he's spent more than $6 million on the race.

Local officials say there are a number of reasons why Bush is competitive in West Virginia, but one stands out: Al Gore's ideas about environmental regulation. The implementation of these ideas would, by all accounts, harm West Virginia's coal industry. The Kyoto treaty, for example, which Gore champions, would require the United States to dramatically scale back carbon-dioxide emissions to ward off global warming. And according to a recent study by West Virginia University's College of Business and Economics, the treaty would mean a 25 percent reduction in coal production over 10 years, and nearly 43,000 jobs lost.

Democrats respond that this is hype. They cite Gore's endorsement by the United Mine Workers of America, which has 40,000 members in West Virginia. Yet the UMWA was the last major union to endorse Gore, on September 20, and it acted only after extracting written promises from him about protecting coal miners. The union's long-time president, Cecil Roberts, wrote recently in the *Charleston Gazette* that "some of [Gore's] environmental positions have smacked America's coal miners right in the face."

This fear of Gore among West Virginians has prompted Bush's campaign to devote significant resources to the state. Television ads have been running since Labor Day. Bush spoke at a rally in Charleston, the state capital, en route to the Republican national convention, and he mentioned his trip to West Virginia's "coal country" in the first presidential debate. Two visits from a presidential candidate may not seem like much, but according to Ken Hechler, the Democratic secretary of state and a political fixture, more attention has been lavished

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on West Virginia in this presidential campaign than in any since John F. Kennedy's victorious primary battle in 1960. That matters in a state usually overlooked in the general election—Gore hasn't even campaigned in West Virginia. A number of local elected officials told me Bush's visits would win him considerable support. "He's made West Virginians feel special," says Vic Sprouse, Republican leader in the state Senate.

Bush will need all the help he can get in a state whose political history works against him. No non-incumbent GOP candidate for president has carried West Virginia since Herbert Hoover in 1928 (Eisenhower, Nixon, and Reagan won the state in their bids for reelection). Similarly, just six Republicans have been elected to statewide positions since 1932. And as recently as 1992, the 34-member state Senate had a single Republican; today it has 5.

Yet the climate is not uniformly hostile. Many West Virginia Democrats are cultural conservatives. (I attended a Democratic rally that began with the pledge of allegiance *and* a prayer.) And, traditionally poor, the state has seen few benefits of the economic boom. It still has the nation's highest unemployment rate (5 percent), second lowest per-capita income ($19,362), and third lowest percentage of households with computers (28.4 percent). Even some modern homes still use rotary-dial telephones, while fast-food restaurants advertise "picture menus" for the illiterate.

The state's economic sluggishness is particularly pronounced in Weirton, a town of 22,000 in the northern panhandle. The local steel mill used to be the state's largest private-sector employer (now it's Wal-Mart). But Weirton experienced massive layoffs following a surge of steel imports from Russia, Brazil, and Japan. There were already problems in 1992, prompting Bill Clinton and Gore to visit the town in the heady days following their nomination. Clinton promised to slow the steel imports, but locals say he welshed on that promise. And Gore is paying the price. The heavily Democratic steelworkers' union has endorsed Pat Buchanan. Its president, Mark Glyptis, told the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* recently, "If [Gore] were to come to Weirton, I would personally throw him out of town."

Shelley Moore Capito

Illustration by Ismael Roldan

This anti-Gore sentiment helps Bush, but also Capito, the Republican candidate for Congress. Like the presidential contest in West Virginia, her race is mostly a referendum on the Democrat. But Humphreys, unlike Gore, is not being targeted for any ideological heresy. Instead, he's criticized for his profligate spending, his ethics, and his bombastic manner.

A trial lawyer who enriched himself through asbestos litigation, Humphreys spent more than $3 million in the Democratic primary (a huge outlay in a state where advertising rates are just about the lowest in the country). Humphreys's money also enabled him to traverse the 350-mile-long district in his private plane—a big bonus in a state with few highways. He won the primary easily against an early favorite, the venerable Ken Hechler, who represented another West Virginia congressional district from 1959 to 1977.

There's been some talk of a backlash against Humphreys for trying to buy the election, but his real problems lie elsewhere. A lot of people just don't like him. His hectoring style, effective in the courtroom, is grating on the stump. When I asked him about Gore's environmental policies, he heatedly denied that they were a liability. This refusal to concede the obvious may be what motivated the editors of the *Glenville Democrat*, a weekly paper in the district, to write that they found Humphreys "pompous, overbearing, condescending, and conceited." More recently, the Democratic-leaning *Charleston Gazette* called him "pitiful" for running an ad that misrepresented Capito's stance on a patients' bill of rights.

A one-time aide to Ralph Nader, Humphreys poses as a conventional liberal, quickly turning every question back to the need for more education spending (he wants a million new teachers), a patients' bill of rights, and prescription-drug coverage under Medicare (an easy call in a state where the median age is 39, the highest in the country). But he's off the Democratic

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reservation on a few issues. He opposes the McCain-Feingold campaign-reform proposal, and he's against gun control.

Having trimmed his views to suit the district and poured millions into his campaign coffers, he ought to hold a commanding lead. One reason he doesn't is Capito. Though a Republican in a heavily Democratic district, she is a respected state representative and the daughter of a former West Virginia governor, Arch Moore. She's attracted enough funding to air television ads highlighting some blots on Humphreys's record in politics (spotty attendance in the legislature) and business (three tax liens). The ads have had an impact. Even though he got an eleven-month head start on advertising, a recent poll shows the race remains close, with 28 percent of the district still undecided.

No Republican has represented West Virginia in Congress since 1983, and contested congressional races here "are almost as rare as solar eclipses," the *Charleston Daily Mail* wrote recently. So the GOP is cheered by Capito's showing. And Bush's. A year ago, no one was predicting West Virginia would be fertile territory for Republican candidates. That it is suggests the GOP is doing something right—and may be rewarded for it on Election Day. ♦

Extra!

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Wednesday, October 18

The Pig-Man Cometh

That's one small step for biotechnology, one giant leap into the abyss for mankind. BY J. BOTTUM

On Thursday, October 5, it was revealed that biotechnology researchers had successfully created a hybrid of a human being and a pig. A man-pig. A pig-man. The reality is so unspeakable, the words themselves don't want to go together.

Extracting the nuclei of cells from a human fetus and inserting them into a pig's egg cells, scientists from an Australian company called Stem Cell Sciences and an American company called Biotransplant grew two of the pig-men to 32-cell embryos before destroying them. The embryos would have grown further, the scientists admitted, if they had been implanted in the womb of either a sow or a woman. Either a sow or a woman. A woman or a sow.

There has been some suggestion from the creators that their purpose in designing this human pig is to build a new race of subhuman creatures for scientific and medical use. The only intended use is to make animals, the head of Stem Cell Sciences, Peter Mountford, claimed last week, backpedaling furiously once news of the pig-man leaked out of the European Union's patent office. Since the creatures are 3 percent pig, laws against the use of people as research subjects would not apply. But since they are 97 percent human, experiments could be profitably undertaken upon them and they could be used as living meat-lockers for transplantable organs and tissue.

But then, too, there has been some suggestion that the creators' purpose is not so much to corrupt humanity as to elevate it. The creation of the pig-man is proof that we can overcome the genetic barriers that once prevented cross-breeding between humans and other species. At last, then, we may begin to design a new race of beings with perfections that the mere human species lacks: increased strength, enhanced beauty, extended range of life, immunity from disease. "In the extreme theoretical sense," Mountford admitted, the embryos could have been implanted into a woman to become a new kind of human—though, of course, he reassured the Australian media, something like that would be "ethically immoral, and it's not something that our company or any respectable scientist would pursue."

But what difference does it make whether the researchers' intention is to create subhumans or superhumans? Either they want to make a race of slaves, or they want to make a race of masters. And either way, it means the end of our humanity.

You can't say we weren't warned. This is the island of Dr. Moreau. This is the brave new world. This is Dr. Frankenstein's chamber. This is Dr. Jekyll's room. This is Satan's Pandemonium, the city of self-destruction the rebel angels wrought in their all-consuming pride.

But now that it has actually come—manifest, inescapable, real—there don't seem to be words that can describe its horror sufficiently to halt it. May God have mercy on us, for our modern Dr. Moreaus—our proud biotechnicians, our most advanced genetic scientists—have already announced that they will have no mercy.

J. Bottum is Books & Arts editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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It's true that Stem Cell Sciences and Biotransplant have now, under the weight of adverse publicity, decided to withdraw their European patent application and modify their American application. But they made no promise to stop their investigations into the procedure. We simply have to rely upon their sense of what is, as Mountford put it, "ethically immoral"—a sense sufficiently attenuated that they could undertake the design of the pig-man in the first place. The elimination of the human race has loomed into clear sight at last.

It used to be that even the imagination of this sort of thing existed only to underscore a moral in a story. When our ancestors heard of Vlad the Impaler's wife bathing in the blood of slaughtered virgins to keep herself beautiful, they were certain it was a bad thing. When they were told fairy tales of an old crone fattening children to suck the health from them, they knew which side they were supposed to take. When they read of Dorian Gray's purchase of eternal youth, they understood that the price he paid was his soul.

But we live at a moment in which British newspapers can report on 19 families who have created test-tube babies solely for the purpose of serving as tissue donors for their relatives—some brought to birth, some merely harvested as embryos and fetuses. A moment in which *Harper's Bazaar* can advise women to keep their faces unwrinkled by having themselves injected with fat culled from human cadavers. A moment in which the Australian philosopher Peter Singer can receive a chair at Princeton University for advocating the destruction of infants after birth if their lives are likely to be a burden. A moment in which the brains of late-term aborted babies can be vacuumed out and gleaned for stem cells.

In the midst of all this, the creation of a human-pig arrives like a thing expected. We have reached the logical end, at last. We have become the people that, once upon a time, our ancestors used fairy tales to warn their children against—and we will reap exactly the consequences those tales foretold.

Like the coming true of an old story—the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the rubbing of a magic lantern—biotechnology is delivering the most astonishing medical advances anyone has ever imagined. You and I will live for many years in youthful health: Our cancers, our senilities, our coughs, and our infirmities all swept away on the triumphant, cresting wave of science.

But our sons and our daughters will mate with the pig-men, if the pig-men will have them. And our swine-snouted grandchildren—the fruit not of our loins, but of our arrogance and our bright test tubes—will use the story of our generation to teach a moral to their frightened litters. ♦

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Arafat's War

By failing to hold the Palestinians accountable, Clinton and Barak invited disaster. BY TOM ROSE

Jerusalem

HISTORY seldom renders such stark verdicts. What began seven years ago as a promise of peace in the Middle East has degenerated into one of the greatest failures in the history of American diplomacy. Never before has an American president invested so much in a man of whom he asked so little. And by demanding nothing of Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat, the Americans and Israelis, egged on by world opinion, actually impeded the single most essential precondition to peace: the political maturation of the Palestinians.

The famous handshake on the White House lawn on September 13, 1993, was a lucrative gesture for Arafat. It transformed a guerrilla chieftain into a statesman. Bill Clinton lavished attention on Arafat, hosting him at the White House 13 times. Arafat got state dinners and over half a billion dollars in U.S. aid, plus land, an army, and all the trappings of statehood. And because no one ever thought to ask him not to, he used American largesse to create a corrupt and repressive regime that eliminates political opponents, tightly controls the media, and prevents the establishment of the free markets that could have produced jobs. As events have revealed, he also set up heavily armed militias reporting directly to him.

All that was ever asked of Arafat was to renounce his decades-long crusade to destroy the Jewish state. But when it became clear that he would not get 100 percent of what he demanded in negotiations, Arafat did what he does best: He started a war on his own terms. Israel now faces one of its darkest hours. Already the belief—widely held just weeks ago—that the Israelis were on the verge of achieving permanent acceptance by their neighbors has been shattered. Even the Israeli Left at last understands that its ten-year effort to win peace through concessions has been seen not as friendship but as weakness. Now, facing all-out war against Arafat's army, open rebellion by Arab citizens of Israel, and a dangerous resurgence of pan-Arab fury, the Israelis stand once again exposed to themselves and the world as a tiny, vulnerable enclave forced to fight for their very survival.

The question "Who lost Oslo?" can't be asked too soon. While Israelis don't completely agree on the answer, they universally accept that Oslo is dead. But official Washington won't let go. As of this writing, President Clinton still has not publicly laid any blame at the feet of Arafat, while Al Gore argued in the second presidential debate that the United States must remain neutral in the current conflict. The State Department line is that Israeli opposition leader Ariel Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount on September 28 caused some if not all of the violence. Not only does this view invite further bloodshed, it epitomizes Oslo's fatal infantilization of the Palestinians.

By always allowing Arafat to find cover for his violations, American policy only reinforced a racist view of Palestinians in particular and Arabs in general. By allowing Arafat to blame Sharon for the latest violence, policy makers are really saying that Palestinians are like children, incapable of exercising self-control, and therefore cannot be expected or required to uphold any acceptable standard of civilized behavior.

Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount wasn't the only message Palestinians received in the days leading up to Arafat's "Intifada for Jerusalem." First came a dramatic break from established U.S. policy,

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Tom Rose is publisher of the Jerusalem Post.

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when American ambassador to Israel Martin Indyk, in a speech delivered at Jerusalem's Hebrew Union College on September 14, publicly called for the re-division of Jerusalem. Until then, Washington had always insisted that the final status of the city must be negotiated directly by the interested parties. By urging that Jerusalem be "shared," Indyk sent an unmistakable signal that the United States now backed Palestinians' claims to half of Israel's capital.

To Palestinians, this meant the battle for Jerusalem was on. All Arafat needed was a pretext. When Prime Minister Barak himself finally broke the taboo and told the *Jerusalem Post* on September 27 that there would be "two capitals" in Jerusalem, Arafat got what he needed: Almost immediately upon hearing Barak's statement, Sharon finalized plans for taking a contingent of Likud lawmakers to visit the Temple Mount to assert that Israel's capital would not be divided without a fight.

Subsequently, more than a few left-wing Israelis have actually been heard to thank Sharon for derailing the train rather than letting it race off the cliff. Amid the wreckage of Oslo, it is plainer than ever that there is a grotesque symmetry between Israeli concessions and Palestinian rejection. The most sweeping concessions ever offered by an Israeli leader have elicited the most violent and well-organized Palestinian rejection of them.

Israelis want desperately to support their prime minister. They elected Ehud Barak overwhelmingly less than two years ago; they like his personal strength and determined purpose. But their support has its limits. The Israelis did not elect Barak to permit their country to slide into chaos. Nor did they elect him to weaken the deterrent capability of Israel's armed forces—or, least of all, to relinquish national sovereignty by subjecting vital security decisions to the approval of the United States, whose grasp of their region's realities has proven so profoundly flawed. ♦

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The GOP's Great Hispanic Hope

Rich Rodriguez may give Republicans a shot at picking up a seat in California. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Bakersfield, California

RICH RODRIGUEZ strides into the foyer of the Bakersfield Holiday Inn Select like a man used to being noticed. His white shirt is starched; his cuffed suit pants—made of that limp, rich-guy material that looks comfortable enough to be pajamas—hang perfectly, breaking ever so slightly across the top of a pair of polished brown loafers.

Despite Rodriguez's two-man entourage, no one looks his way. As the longtime (20-plus years) anchor at KFSN, the ABC affiliate in Fresno, Rodriguez is known to 70 percent of the residents of the rural California district he hopes to represent in the 107th Congress. But many of the 30 percent who don't know him live here in Kern County, the southernmost portion of the district. Rodriguez stops and turns to an aide.

"Should I be wearing my coat?" he asks campaign manager Joe Galli.

"I was just thinking about that," says Galli, flipping his boss the keys to the oversized white pick-up he's just parked across the street. "It's probably a good idea."

Galli heads to the bar, thinking out loud. "It'll be interesting to see what kind of reception he gets here," he says, taking a swig of his Coors Light. "It's his first Hispanic event." If Rodriguez is to prevail on November 7, he needs to make inroads with two groups: Hispanics and Kern County voters.

The "event" is the Kern County Youth Mariachi Foundation Annual Dinner. That this area has such a group is telling. The Twentieth District includes Kings County and parts of Fresno, Tulare, and Kern counties; oddly shaped, it was drawn by Democrats in the early '90s to maximize the Hispanic voting population. Hispanics make up 55 percent of the residents of the district and 35 percent of the voters. If Rodriguez is successful in his challenge of five-term incumbent Cal Dooley, a rising New Democrat star, he will be the first Hispanic Republican to represent California in Congress.

Rich Rodriguez

A recent poll suggests Rodriguez has a decent chance of earning that distinction. Taken in late September by the *Fresno Bee*, it shows Rodriguez with a 42 percent to 38 percent lead over Dooley.

One reason for the incumbent's woes is that the economic boom has bypassed this district. While national unemployment has hovered around 4 percent for much of the economic expansion, the local figure is 16 percent. Partly as a result, the California Farm Bureau endorsed political neophyte Rodriguez. The Farm Bureau's backing, announced in late August, has been a major boost in one of the top-producing agricultural districts in the country. (Rodriguez even calls his campaign committee "Friends & Farmers for Rich Rodriguez.")

In Dooley's previous races, the Farm Bureau remained neutral. His endorsement this year by the less influential United Farm Workers, founded in the district by Cesar Chavez, is little consolation. Asked about the Farm Bureau's nod to his opponent, Dooley shared his sour grapes. "What the Farm Bureau wants is a puppet and a yes man for every issue that they come across." The only reason the Farm Bureau favors Rodriguez, Dooley said, is Dooley's opposition to a guest worker bill that the bureau and Rodriguez support.

But Jim Verboon, a Kern County walnut farmer and Farm Bureau board member who was present when the board voted unanimously to endorse Rodriguez, listed differences on three other issues of importance—water, the Endangered Species Act, and the Antiquities Act. When told that Dooley claims the guest worker bill cost him the endorsement, Verboon scoffs. "To tell you the truth, that never really came up in the discussions," he said. "And we talked about [the endorsement] for 30-45 minutes."

The race is significant for what it portends about politics in California and the nation. In late August, the U.S. Census Bureau announced that California had become "majority minority," with Hispanics the largest non-white ethnic minority. The trend is the same in the nation as a whole, though most of the country is decades away from the color mix of the Golden State.

Stephen F. Hayes is a 2000 Phillips Foundation journalism fellow.

Illustration by Jay Bevenour

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California Republicans have struggled mightily to win the favor of the rapidly growing Latino population, and a Rodriguez victory would help build a relationship. Latino values are conservative, Republicans argue, and Rodriguez would be an ideal emissary to a critical constituency. It's a role he would welcome.

"You have to remember who you must represent first, and that's your district," says Rodriguez. "But I've got pretty broad shoulders."

But congressional Republicans have a more immediate concern than long-term demographic trends: A Rodriguez victory will help them keep the House. To that end, the National Republican Congressional Committee is prepared to spend nearly $1 million on the Rodriguez race, and has already committed some $600,000 on ads. NRCC officials hope to offset Dooley's hard-money advantage, which was nearly three to one, according to the most recent FEC reports.

Some of the ads will be in Spanish, though the NRCC and the Rodriguez campaign both deny targeting Hispanic voters. (Rodriguez, ironically, isn't fluent in Spanish.) They're also courting independents. Senator John McCain last week taped an NRCC-sponsored radio ad for Rodriguez, designed to appeal to voters who might otherwise gravitate toward the conservative Democrat. Said Tom Davis, chairman of the NRCC, "Rich Rodriguez has the two most important elements of a winning challenger campaign—he has a high positive name ID and he connects with like-minded Democrats, independents, and Republicans alike."

Back at the Mariachi Foundation dinner, Rodriguez could have gone without the jacket he fetched from his truck. With it, he is overdressed in a crowd of spruced-up farmers, the men mostly sporting denim shirts and bolo ties, the women in formal dresses or evening gowns. Many of the men have stubborn dirt underneath their fingernails. The women wear lots of make-up. The children are in their Sunday best.

Gil Garcia, president of the Kern County Youth Mariachi Foundation, welcomes Rodriguez to the gathering. Several men greet Garcia, who introduces them to Rodriguez. They pay him little attention.

The air in the lobby is thick with perfume, and a mariachi band plays loudly at the entrance to the dinner. Mostly high school kids, the musicians are remarkably accomplished. Families—of the intact, traditional kind—file past the band into the large hall.

The dinner lasts forever. The emcee—a local celebrity, a newsman—is constantly interrupted by an emotional Garcia. Together, they recognize the kids, the parents, the board members, the insurance agent, the costume designer, the donors, the mayor of Fresno, each other. Garcia introduces Rodriguez as a candidate for Congress. He stands and waves and is greeted with polite applause.

But several in the audience are fierce Rodriguez loyalists, and they surround him following the dinner. Most prefer to work behind the scenes on the campaign and are reluctant to talk on the record. They say they fear retribution from a reelected Dooley, but speak optimistically of an upset.

"We're going to send him a message," says one prominent Hispanic activist who insists that his support has nothing to do with ethnicity. But his next sentence reveals the complexity of racial politics here.

"Dooley has neglected us. He has not given us one Latino student at the military academies," he says with disgust, referring to the power members of Congress have to sponsor constituents for admission to the U.S. military academies. "What bill or issue has he brought on behalf of the Latino community?"

The man ticks off a list of grievances, growing more animated with each. "We're going to force Dooley to deal with the Hispanic community. We're going to endorse and help those who help our community."

He finishes, though, where he started. "It's not because [Rich] is Hispanic. It's because of jobs. And Rich is promising to help." ♦

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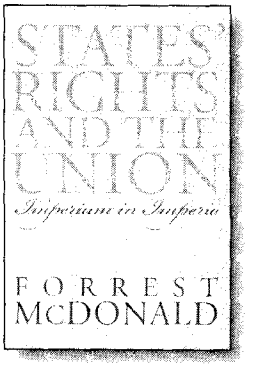

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The Metaphors Make the Man

Al Gore's deep thoughts

By Andrew Ferguson

Every few election years, some presidential candidate gets tagged as an intellectual. The evidence is usually thin. Adlai Stevenson claimed to write his own political addresses, and his speechwriters declined to contradict him. John F. Kennedy hired the diminutive Arthur Schlesinger Jr. to slip quotes from Suetonius into his speeches while the charismatic young president preoccupied himself with less scholarly labors, like banging his way through the White House stenographic pool. Jimmy Carter quoted Reinhold Niebuhr and Bob Dylan, who would seem to cancel each other out. Michael Dukakis once taught at Harvard's Kennedy School. As I say: thin.

Now it's Al Gore's turn. This election takes place at a point in American history when the threshold for being considered an intellectual is lower than ever and, meanwhile, fewer people than ever want to be considered one—a situation well suited to the vice president's emergence as a thinker. Jack Kennedy wowed the educated classes with Arthur's Suetonius; nowadays you can floor them with a few references to parallel processing. Plus, Gore went to Harvard. And he really did write that book. And this summer he gave an interview to the *New Yorker* that was widely noted for his flights of intellection.

Last week Gore topped himself, with the release of an interview he gave not long ago to the Internet business magazine *Red Herring*. The interview is worth spending some time on, to discover how the vice president uses language, and how he thinks. It wasn't one of those adversarial, hot-seat Q & A's, journalistically speaking. In the transcript the questioners, Peter D. Henig and Jason Pontin, come off less like Gore's adversaries than like co-dependents. "This is good, this is good. Keep going," they say at one point. "We love your metaphors," they say at another.

Their enthusiasm is unusual, but not as unusual as those metaphors. The vice president loves metaphors—or, more accurately, he loves the word "metaphor." He uses it all the time. Like many of our politicians with intellectual aspirations (Newt Gingrich comes to mind), Gore relies heavily on a few ambiguous catchphrases: "parameters," for example, and "model," as both verb and noun. If these words were suddenly banned from the language—if you said, "Al, I'm sorry, but you can't say 'model' anymore"—his whole edifice of baloney would probably collapse. "Process" (also as noun and verb) is another favorite. The vice president spends much of the interview comparing the process of democratic decision-making to microprocessors. Computer processing, in his view, is an illuminating metaphor for democracy.

"Our democratic system," he says, "makes it possible for the average citizen to participate in the decision-making of this nation by processing the decision-making directly relevant to him or her in an individual congressional district or state. Then, in the process of biennial or quadrennial elections, our process harvests the sum total of those decisions . . ."

At first this seems kind of a neat metaphor, comparing the way a computer uses information to the way people make up their minds and express their opinions in a democracy. But then you get to the payoff, the conclusion. "Now, the capacity for each individual [he continues] to process a lot more information and take much more responsibility for shaping the future is greatly enhanced by the incredible increase in information and processing power available."

Suddenly the vice president's metaphor (computer processing) isn't a metaphor anymore, but is actually acting upon the thing (democratic decision-making) that it used to be a metaphor for. Some metaphor—it's a mega-metaphor! But there are other problems here. If you're going to use the word *process*, or some variant of it, five times in three sentences, you ought to be clear about its definition. Does it mean *comprehend*? *Act upon*? *Think about*? *Transform*? And even if we pretend we know what the word means, I don't think this last sentence says what it sounds like it's saying. To the extent that it means any-

Andrew Ferguson is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard.

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thing at all—and I'm open to the argument that it doesn't—it simply says that the capacity to process more information is greatly increased by the increased capacity to process information.

In the world most of us live in, this is called a tautology. The tautology is a specialty of the vice president's, as it often is of people who strain to make the simple and straightforward seem as complicated as possible. Here, for example, he contrasts democracy with other forms of government: "In a communist system, or a monarchy, or some other system that relies ultimately on a single decision maker, the role of government is to make all of the decisions." A less metaphorically minded person could put it more simply: "In a system where the government makes all the decisions, it's the role of government to make all the decisions." Heavy.

In a democracy, by contrast, where the people, collectively or individually, make all the decisions, people will make all the decisions collectively or individually. If you see what he's driving at. The vice president has spent a good deal of time thinking about the role of government in the new technological era. Thinking, thinking, thinking. This is the subject of the interview, in fact. But where earlier politician-intellectuals might have sought inspiration in Aristotle, Locke, Rousseau—what the hell, even in Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—the vice president seems to have immersed himself in the work of business-management gurus like John Naisbitt and Stephen Covey.

"You could look at the transformation in the role of government as being similar to what has happened in the management of companies over the last twenty years," he says. (We're on to a new metaphor, by the way: government as corporation, which makes the president the CEO.) A good CEO is someone who, like the vice president, sounds like he has memorized entire chapters of *Megatrends*. "The new role of the CEO is first of all to establish a vision," he continues. "Second . . . to establish goals which, if attained, would further the vision. Third, it is the establishment of a set of values and the maintenance of constant awareness of those values, so that decisions made by any individual . . . will be made according to the same set of values."

We may be tangled up in another tautology here—the role of the CEO is to establish a set of values so that a set of values will be established—but it's hard to tell for sure. Visions, goals, values: These are airy words, sent aloft at a very high level of abstraction. What's interesting is that after all this talk from the vice president, a few thousand words of it at least, we still don't really know how it is that government is like a corporation or a microprocessor, or how a president is like a CEO, or indeed what the role of government is in this new era, which is ostensibly the point of the discus-

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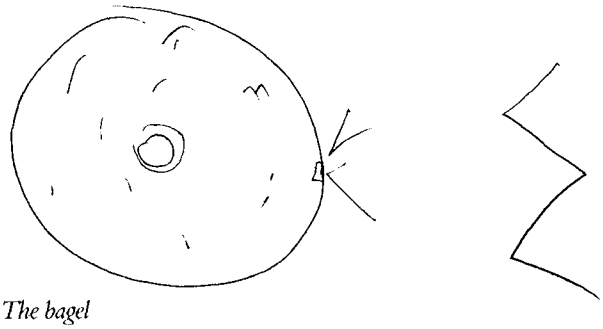
sion. But this isn't all that surprising: Intellectuals of the vice president's kind seldom actually arrive at conclusions that are expressible in concrete terms. That's how we know they're so smart.

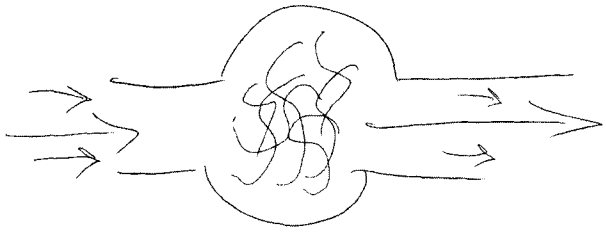
Once again Newt Gingrich comes to mind. Like Gingrich, Al Gore spawns concepts so large that words can't contain them; like Gingrich, who preferred to give speeches with a blackboard close at hand, Gore illustrates his points by doodling. *Red Herring* helpfully reproduces several of the sketches he made during the interview. They are highly schematic. One shows a bagel shape, explainable as follows:

"The CEO [Gore says] of an organization stands at the center of an organization, yet an organization encounters change at the edge. In a two-dimensional model, if you have an organization moving along a plane and encountering change, the point of contact with change is typically at the edge, and in that metaphor [Oh no—not another one!] the CEO would be equidistant from all types of change. Now if, on the other hand, this information processing sector has been pre-empowered with the organization's vision . . ."

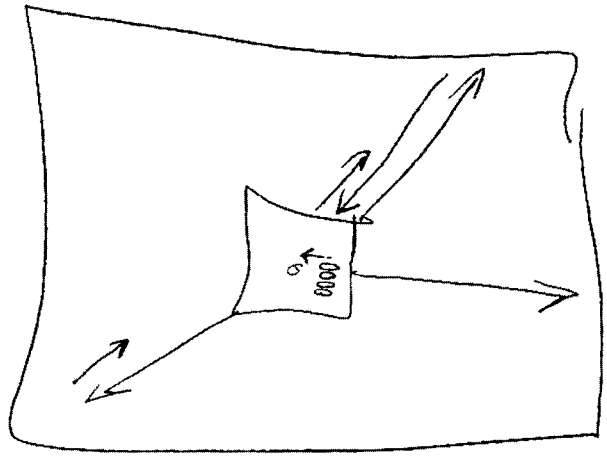


The bagel

The vice president is not merely a scribbler, he is a Talker. I capitalize the word on purpose, for the Talker is a type—readily familiar to anyone unlucky enough at some point in his life to have been stuck after midnight in a college dorm room. The beer has run out and the liquor store has closed, somebody spilled the bong water and the room is beginning to take on that extremely lived-in odor, and



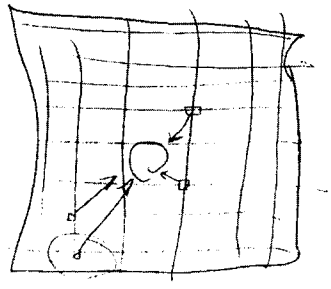
Thermodynamics, according to Gore



Vector processing: "Are you with me?" Gore asked.

everybody should go home and everybody *wants* to go home except . . . the one guy . . . sitting on the bed . . . talking. He has ambitions to be a grad student when he grows up, and he's been talking for most of the night, and he sounds cold sober. "Let me take the metaphor to a slightly higher level," he says. "Look at how this transformation played out in history in relationship to new iterations of commonly available technology . . ."

Gore's *Red Herring* interview, like much of his *New Yorker* interview, is gibberish, but gibberish of a particular kind—it is meaningless in a meaningful way. One interesting thing about his diagrams is that people appear in them, when they appear at all, as featureless little circles, or indistinguishable groups of specks. His love for abstraction is surely related to the bloodless ease with which he exploits personal unpleasantness to score political points. His little fib last month about his mother-in-law's arthritis medicine is the least gruesome example in a long train, stretching back to his notorious invocation in speeches of his sister's death and his son's near-death. For a man besotted by abstraction, persons are not so much individuals as instances of larger processes—most useful as a means to illustrate the high-flying concepts he finds truly compelling. This is the true meaning of the vice president's increasingly frequent intellectual rambles. He has recast the old radical rallying cry for a new millennium. In Al Gore's America, the personal is the metaphorical. ◆



Distributed processing, with Gore as CEO in the middle

Al Gore's doodles, courtesy of *Red Herring*

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Corzine for a Bruisin'

A limousine liberal buys New Jersey.

By Christopher Caldwell

Republican Senate candidate Bob Franks has been described by one New Jersey Democratic Senate aide—*very* privately—as "the perfect senatorial candidate for New Jersey." He was a state assemblyman at age 27, chairman of the state Republican party while still in his thirties, architect of New Jersey's revolt against the 1990 tax hikes of governor Jim Florio, and an unusually effective congressman for four terms. What's more, he's a social liberal and a fiscal conservative. So, when Franks staged a major policy address on transportation, just a half-hour from New York City in Paramus, how come only six (non-network) journalists, three staffers, and two local politicians showed up?

It's not just that Franks is 14 points down in the polls. It's that he's out of dough. Bled by a four-man primary that cost the candidates $6 million in local contributions, running in a presidential year twelve months after George W. Bush sucked dry the state's major money men, Franks hoped to raise about $10 million, a modest budget for the most densely populated state in the union. Now his staffers talk about raising "four, five, six . . . we'll see." That means four. In fact, Franks is coming into the home stretch with only about $1.7 million. And he's running against the best-funded senatorial candidate in history.

Democrat Jon Corzine is a former chairman of Goldman Sachs, where he was ex–treasury secretary Robert Rubin's protégé. He was cashiered when Goldman went public in 1999, but received $400 million in stock for his pains. He has shown an inclination to spend however much of that is necessary to replace retiring senator Frank Lautenberg, and has thus far spent almost $50 million—as much as any *two* Senate candidates in history. Much of this money has gone into media. The state that Benjamin Franklin described as "a keg tapped at both ends" by New York and Philadelphia is the only state in the union without a network television station. Successful New Jersey candidates have traditionally relied on, first, the state's mammothly powerful county organizations, and, second, parsimonious ad buys in the first- and fourth-most-expensive media markets in the country.

Christopher Caldwell is senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

Corzine's trick has been to use his money to do both. There have been other moneybags candidates for Senate—Herb Kohl of Wisconsin, Corzine's predecessor Lautenberg, Michael Huffington of California, Johnny Edwards of North Carolina. Minnesota had two this year—trial lawyer Michael Ciresi and department store heir Mark Dayton, the nominee—and Washington state has high-tech baroness Maria Cantwell. Democrats are now running enough megamillionaires to turn the Senate into a House of Lords. But Corzine has married money not just to media but to political institutions themselves. In so doing he has revolutionized politics.

Optimistic Republicans say that Franks ought to be able to win against Corzine. They note the third-place primary finish in the 1998 California governor's race of insurance magnate Al Checchi, who also had Bob Shrum as an advertising manager and tens of millions of dollars at his disposal.

Well, yes, Checchi had a silk purse—but he was a sow's ear of a candidate. Corzine, by contrast, has the most appealing biography of any candidate running for any office this year: grew up on a farm in Taylorville, Illinois, married his high school sweetheart, played varsity sports, joined the Marines, and got a graduate degree at the University of Chicago while working a nine-to-five job. He's huggy, always clapping his arm around people he's never met, but modest. He never exploits his family, à la Al Gore; when I asked him about the regressivity of cigarette taxes, which he proposes increasing, he talked about health hazards and revenue curves, but never mentioned that his father had died of lung cancer 18 years ago. He's an observant Methodist. (He and Franks, in fact, attend the same Union County church, although the two hardly know each other.) And he has a great sense of humor. Pouring coffee for union activists after a visit to a Melitta plant, he says: "It's okay. My first *job* was getting coffee." Granted, the sense of humor can get him into trouble—as when he asked an Italian-American contractor whether he made cement shoes—but Corzine is managing to appear, in an almost Reaganite way, the commonsensical outsider running against Slick Washington, the Mr. Smith of this race.

Corzine is a workaholic who sleeps about four hours a night and spends his spare mornings in train stations shaking hands with voters. He follows with visits to local diners.

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Thus one of the ironies of the campaign: Corzine, the television candidate, is so free of money worries that he can engage in traditional New Jersey handshaking politics. Franks, perhaps the best face-to-face guy in the state, has to scramble around raising paltry sums of money in order to get on TV.

"This race is about guns, the environment, and a woman's right to choose," says Corzine's spokesman Tom Shea. Well, if that's what Corzine wants it to be about, *then that's what it's going to be about*, because Franks lacks the money to say otherwise.

But these are all issues on which Franks could have an advantage. Franks has always been pro-choice, but he thinks "it's a national disgrace that we have the reliance on abortion that we do." He favors parental notification and opposes partial-birth abortion. These are winning positions in every state, but in heavily Catholic New Jersey—whose legislature in 1997 overrode a gubernatorial veto during a fiery anti-partial-birth revolt—they're *volatile* winning issues.

Franks has such a good environmental record that the Sierra Club endorsed him in 1998. (Corzine got the nod this year.) And he adds some issues of his own. Franks solidly beat Corzine in the first of two televised debates by stressing the marriage penalty, and noting that Corzine's version of marriage-penalty relief would exclude anyone who owns a house. And he's battled Corzine on health care and prescription drugs, claiming Corzine's employer levies would retard hiring. ("There's one thing more unfortunate than an employee without health care coverage," Franks said in the first debate, "and that's an employee without a *job*.") He complained that the United States should have vetoed a U.N. Security Council resolution condemning Israel; Corzine thought America's abstention satisfactory.

But Corzine has enough money that Franks stands no chance of defining him. Corzine defines himself—and he has defined himself as such a reliable liberal that he looks likely to enter the Senate next year as the leftmost member of his class. On Supreme Court matters he is a straightforward litmus-tester, on both abortion and guns. "I don't buy the language of 'litmus test'—but I would like to know how [nominees] would vote on these issues," he says.

What's shocking—in a refreshing way, actually—is that Corzine is always further left than he has to be. Take his address to a roomful of mostly chubby, mostly white, mostly working-class shop stewards at a local food workers' union. Corzine, a vacuum cleaner of information who is always well-briefed, discussed COPE ratings, card-check recognition, binding-arbitration-on-first-contract, and ergonomics until he had the assembled organizers eating out of his hand. Then, when he could just as easily have stopped, he added: "A woman has a right to choose. . . . We need to strengthen civil rights laws, end racial profiling, and make sure there is affirmative action in the workplace." White working-class males are not famously fans of any of this stuff. But Corzine is principled about such matters: He even fought to expand Goldman Sachs's affirmative action programs. ("Why did you *say* that in there?" I asked him on the bus after the union meeting. "Because I don't believe in making different speeches to please different audiences," he replied.)

If this is potential ammo for Franks to use on Corzine, Corzine has his own ammo to use on Franks. As one New Jersey Democratic consultant puts it, "All I want in a congressional race is an opponent who's had some association with Newt Gingrich." While Franks is indeed a moderate, he bet wrong during the Republican revolution, voting for 95 percent of the Contract With America. Recently, Corzine has stopped introducing himself to voters and started introducing Franks, by slamming him on really old votes. As a congressman, Franks is lily-white on the NRA, which even opposed him in the 1992 primaries. He's voted for the Brady Bill and an assault-weapons ban. But Corzine notes that he voted against a *state* assault-weapons ban as an assemblyman in the 1980s. Similarly, Franks, who has voted for minimum wage increases in Congress, gets accused of being "slow" on the minimum wage. (Since the proposed increase was lower than the state minimum, it wouldn't have affected New Jersey workers.)

Franks would like to slam Corzine's record, but it's all in high finance. Under his watch, Goldman was involved in the $3.6 billion bailout of Long Term Capital Management in 1998, had dealings with *Daily Mirror* owner Robert Maxwell, the newspaper tycoon who looted his employees' pension system, and did business with Sudanese dictators. Corzine's camp dismisses Franks as merely "repeating Florio's campaign." And these narratives are very hard to convey without a lot of TV time. Such is the power of the airwaves.

But not just the airwaves. The typical media strategy involves using television to reach voters over the heads of an entrenched party establishment. To describe what Corzine has done as a mere "media strategy" is to sell him short. The wisest move Corzine made was to hire former New Jersey Democratic party head Steve DeMicco and his partner Brad Lawrence, whose Message & Media is the top Democratic consulting group in the state. "They met with Corzine and said, 'We can do media,'" says one New York consultant who has worked with DeMicco. "'But county organization matters, too.'" So Corzine, a longtime big-money donor to the Democratic party, went around to the local bodies and *bought* them, with campaign contributions and soft money.

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In other words, Corzine did not "bypass" the Jersey organization in any sense. Cooper Union historian and New Democrat theorist Fred Siegel describes his move rather as "a leveraged buyout of the New Jersey Democratic party." Corzine's camp claims that the number of New Jersey voters irked by Corzine's money is negligible, but there's some evidence to the contrary. Seventeen percent of voters, according to a Quinnipiac poll, say Corzine's money makes them less likely to vote for him.

But ex-governor Jim Florio, who was on the losing side of the Corzine strategy in last spring's New Jersey primary, says of this race, "It's over." He admits that Corzine has been really smart: "You're going to see a lot more self-financing candidates, and this will cause a permanent change in the way they do business," Florio says. "A tactical mistake that the Checchis and the Huffingtons made was to spend all their money on media. From now on, rich candidates will spend their money trying to buy political organizations."

Corzine is buying not just politicians but institutions. In April, a reporter asked him at a press conference whether he'd paid any of the 43 black religious leaders who had endorsed him. Corzine stayed silent, while the Baptist minister Calvin McKinney angrily denied the charge. In September, Corzine admitted he had anonymously given $25,000 to African Methodist preacher Reginald Jackson, but that it had been before he'd started running. It hadn't been, and speculation that Corzine's charitable foundation had been used as a slush fund to win political allies was dispelled only when he disclosed its finances on his website. Franks continues to ask that Corzine release his tax returns. Corzine refuses on the grounds that he has a binding confidentiality agreement with Goldman. (And is probably glad he does.)

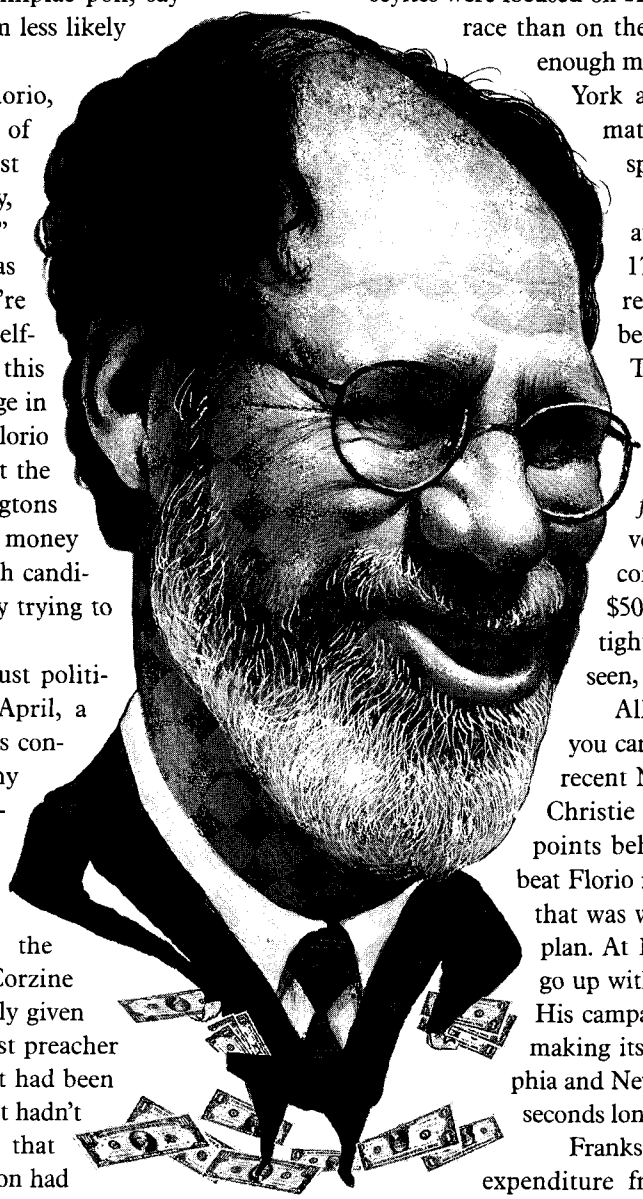

Illustration of Jon Corzine by Earl Keleny

For the closing stretch, Franks's campaign has come up with a strategy. "The game plan when you have less," says his campaign manager Charlie Smith, "is you make an introduction to voters late and suffer through intimidating polls early." And Franks still needs to be introduced. As recently as a week ago, his state name-recognition was at 55 percent. Sitting over a turkey burger in the Sun Tavern, just down the street from his headquarters in industrial Roselle Park, he noted ruefully that polls showed more New Jerseyites were focused on Hillary Clinton's New York Senate race than on their own. Franks says, "We need enough money late for critical mass in New York and Philadelphia. But we can't match him. For every $1,000 we spend, Corzine will add $10,000."

Standing in the whipping cold at the intersection of Routes 4 and 17 in Paramus, Franks admits to reporters, "We've cut overhead, because we know we have to get on TV those last ten days." He even risks insulting voters in order to convince the press that he can win. "New Jersey voters are *famous* for paying attention only very late in a campaign. The more compelling reality is that after the $50 million he's spent, we're still in a tight race. If you'd liked what you'd seen, you'd've bought."

All right, but you can't buy what you can't see. The greatest comeback in recent New Jersey electoral history was Christie Whitman's. She rallied from 7 points behind with three weeks to go, to beat Florio in the 1993 governor's race—and that was with an election-altering tax-cut plan. At 14 points down, Franks needs to go up with ads next week or he's finished. His campaign seems to realize this, and is making its first major ad blitz in Philadelphia and New York. But the spots are only 15 seconds long—hardly a media barrage.

Franks staffers hope to get a coordinated expenditure from the Republican senatorial committee. But its chairman Mitch McConnell pulled the plug on Franks when this was still a five-point race, so nobody in Roselle Park should be holding his breath.

Still, that New Jersey Senate staffer continues to think of Franks as the ideal candidate. "If this doesn't end up within four points," he says, "it's a profound statement about . . ." And he trails off. He probably meant either the cowardice of McConnell, the poison of Gingrich, or the obscene power of money. ♦

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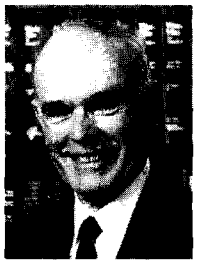
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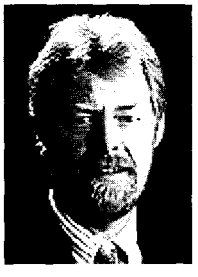
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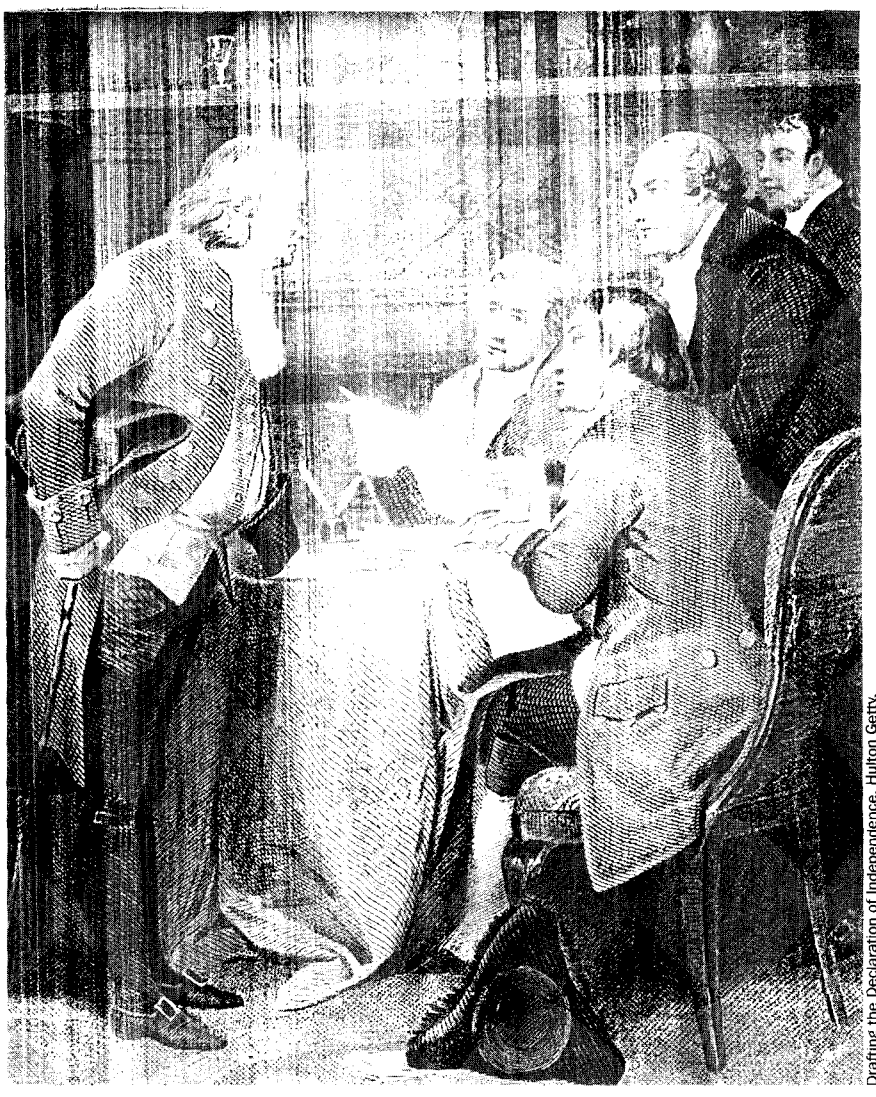
Our Founding Yuppie

Ben Franklin's America

By David Brooks



Drafting the Declaration of Independence. Hulton Getty.

I'm on the crest of a hill on Research Boulevard in Rockville, Maryland, and it's just like being on the steps of the Parthenon. Except I'm not looking out over temples and theaters that were the glories of ancient Greece. I'm looking out over the glories of twenty-first century America, which are contained in the ident-a-kit office parks spread over the exurban hillsides.

The one over there by Gude Drive is Celera Genomics, the company that is mapping the human genome system. Up and down Research Boulevard, and over on Corporate Boulevard, there are scads of similar biotech firms, like Human Genome Sciences, that will presumably be revolutionizing medicine over the next few decades. Some of the other nearby office parks house thriving tech firms. They all seem to have gone to the same consultants to get branded: Either they have compound names, like CyberStar or InterCell, or they've got three-initial names like ISG Solutions and SRA Technologies.

If the hill were a little higher, I could look across the Potomac to Virginia and see the more grandiose office parks by the Dulles Toll Road, where AOL has its headquarters. And in my mind's eye I can see a nation of office parks: the ones along the Hudson built by IBM, the ones along Route 101 in Silicon Valley, the ones in Redmond that comprise the campus of Microsoft. In America, all of a sudden, the most dynamic individuals work in the most generic buildings: These office parks are mostly built on hillsides, and they're all made of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same.

Office park buildings are five- to eight-floor layer cakes of tinted glass and composite stone. They have labor-unintensive flower arrangements out front and dwarf-trees inside their deserted lobbies. There are take-out cafes near the atrium, FedEx drop-off boxes just off the main driveway, and rows and rows of open parking. Airport shuttle vans cruise by throughout the day, and there's usually one of those suburban strip mall restaurants like Chi-Chi's or Outback Steak House a short drive down the road.

The First American
The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin
by H.W. Brands
Doubleday, 759 pp., $35

Office parks are very quiet. There's no street life except for the huddles of smokers by the front doors. All the action is inside, among the scientists, the techies, and the entrepreneurs. Office parks represent the marriage of science and commerce, and the withering away of just about everything else. And when you hang around them, you sometimes wonder, what is this office-park culture doing to the American character?

Throughout our history there have always been some who, in the Jeffersonian tradition, admired rural America as the backbone of the American character. And there have always been others who followed Alexander Hamilton instead, and saw cities as the dynamos of the nation. But what is the spirit of exurban office-park America? Who embodies the spirit of this America?

When you scan through the great figures who are supposed to represent the American spirit, almost all of them seem hopelessly out of place in office parks. We used to think America was a

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pioneer nation, but the people in the office parks haven't thrown off the comforts of civilization to strike out on their own: This isn't the realm of the Puritan, the Cowboy, or the Immigrant.

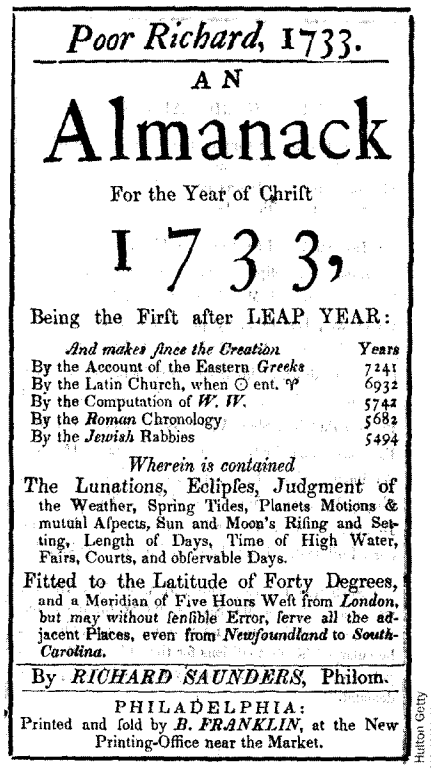
So too you can't fit George Washington in an office park. He may have embodied the American spirit when we were a nation fighting great wars for freedom and democracy, but it is hard to see Cincinnatus getting excited about an IPO.

Nor is it easy to imagine Lincoln parking his Chevy Suburban in one of the oversized spaces and fiddling with his Palm Pilot on his way to the morning meeting. Lincoln was too grand and too political for an office-park nation. He may have embodied the spirit of America during the civil rights era, during the fight for equality, but this is not his milieu. The things essential to Lincoln—historical memory, government, reverence for America's founding documents—are all missing here.

But there is one figure from the American pantheon who would be instantly at home in an office park, and that is Benjamin Franklin. Franklin lived much of his life at the intersection of science and commerce. He understood the process of getting rich from intellect, which is the chief occupation of the information age. He would have been wild about all the experiments going on inside these buildings. He'd probably join the chorus of all those techno-enthusiasts who claim that Internet and biotech breakthroughs are going to transform life on earth wonderfully; he shared that passion for progress.

At the same time he'd be completely at home with the irony and gentle cynicism that is the prevailing conversational tone in these buildings. He'd instantly understand how the technology of a medium transforms the content of what gets communicated. He'd appreciate how, in the information age, the distinction between high culture and low culture seems to be washing away, for throughout his own life he embraced high culture and low culture simultaneously. And not least of all, he'd admire the way these techno-missionaries are able to use their market advantages to rack up fantastic profits.

But then, Franklin would be at home in much of contemporary America. He'd share the values of the comfortably middle class; he was optimistic, genial, and kind, and his greatest flaw was his self-approving complacency. One can easily picture him traipsing through a shopping mall enchanted by the cheerful abundance and the clever marketing. At the same time, he'd admire all the effort young Americans put into civic activism, and the way older Americans put religion to good use through faith-based community organizations.



Poor Richard, 1733.

AN

Almanack

For the Year of Chrift

1733,

Being the Firft after LEAP YEAR:

And makes fince the Creation	Years
By the Account of the Eastern *Greeks*	7241
By the Latin Church, when ♋ ent. ♈	6932
By the Computation of *W. W.*	5742
By the *Roman* Chronology	5682
By the *Jewish* Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipfes, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Afpects, Sun and Moon's Rifing and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and obfervable Days.

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours Weft from *London*, but may without fenfible Error, ferve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina*.

By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and fold by *B. FRANKLIN*, at the New Printing-Office near the Market.

Hulton Getty

The quasi-moralistic, quasi-materialistic improvement tracts he'd write if he were alive today would put bestsellers like *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People* to shame. He'd be moralistic according to his worldly fashion, but he wouldn't get too hyped up about abstractions or transcendent values. Of all the Founding Fathers, it is easiest to imagine Franklin disapproving of Bill Clinton personally, but giving him high job approval ratings nonetheless.

In other words, if these office parks and the people in them do indeed set the tone for American life over the next century, then we're going to have to regard Benjamin Franklin as the real father of our country.

This is not altogether easy to accept. Among the Founding Fathers, Benjamin Franklin is the hardest to revere, even though he was arguably the most brilliant, the most accomplished, and the one who rendered the greatest service to mankind. Franklin's reputation has been on a downward trajectory through much of recent American history. And in judging Franklin these days, we are largely judging ourselves.

Franklin's reputation started high. People around him recognized that he was a giant. "America has sent us many things," David Hume wrote to him, with evident sincerity, "But you are the first philosopher, and indeed, the first great man of letters, for whom we are beholden to her."

And indeed for the first hundred years of America's history, Franklin was seen as the fulfillment of the nation's promise. Here was an enterprising boy who broke free from his indenture to his cruel brother, a Boston printer. He escaped by sea and made it to Philadelphia with only the clothes on his back and enough money for some rolls of bread. He set about improving himself. To better his morals, he made a list of thirteen practical virtues such as temperance ("Eat not to dullness. Drink not to elevation"), industry ("Lose no time. Be always employed in something useful"), moderation ("Avoid extremes. Forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve"), and chastity ("Rarely use venery but for health or offspring; never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation").

He made a little scorecard of his thirteen virtues, and he graded himself each day on how he had done. He didn't believe in virtue for its own sake or in the "extreme" he found in his acquaintance and sparring partner Cotton Mather (which he called "foppery in morals"), but he believed that if he developed moral habits, then virtue would be rewarded and he would rise in the world and be recognized as a good man.

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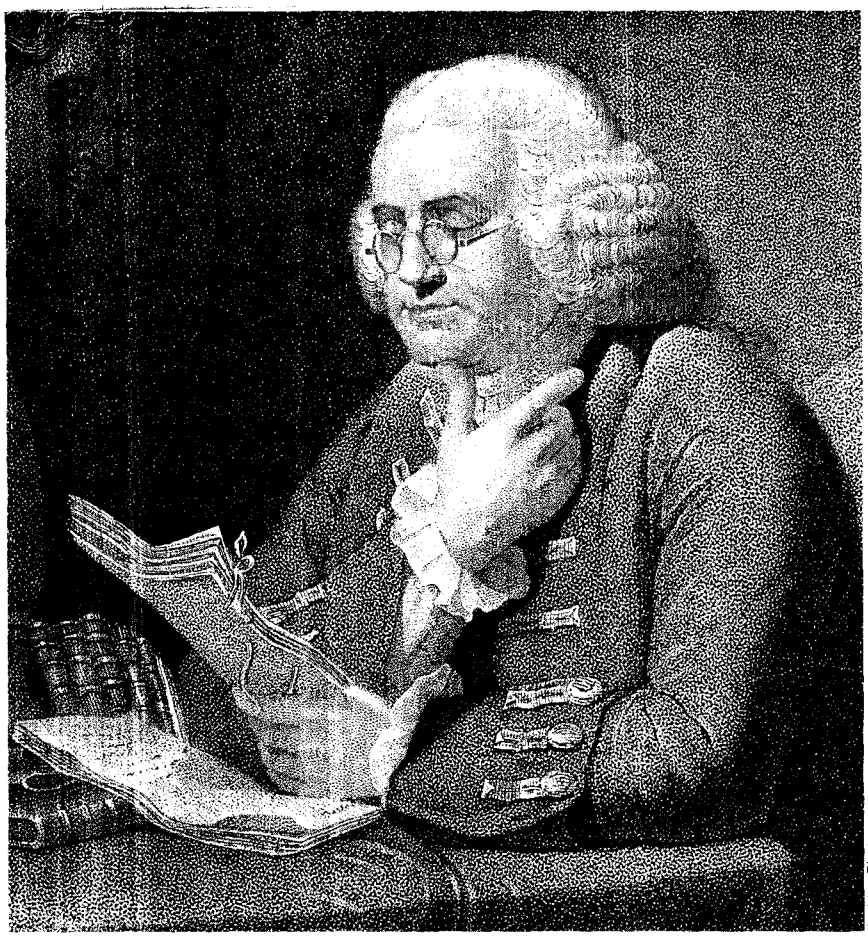
He did, and he was. Subsequent generations were dazzled by his ascent. Even if we limit ourselves to the twenty-year period following his marriage at age twenty-four in 1730, we see accomplishments that are almost superhuman. Most of his time was spent building up his printing company and his stationery store, but he found the energy for much else. In 1731 he conceived and organized the Library Company of Philadelphia, the first community library. He joined the freemasons and became grand master of the Pennsylvania Masons within three years. He acquired the struggling newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and, writing much of it himself, turned it into the leading paper of the province. He founded and wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*, pouring into it his own and borrowed maxims, which started as filler between the charts: "Hunger never saw bad bread.... Gifts burst rocks." He began a crusade for paper currency, which he thought would stimulate trade (he ended up winning a contract to print some of Pennsylvania's notes).

He founded Pennsylvania's first fire company and raised enough money to buy a fire engine (he later recalled this as one of his proudest accomplishments). In 1737 he became the postmaster of Philadelphia, and still found time to become involved in the Great Awakening, championing some of the itinerant preachers while never becoming devout himself.

He served as clerk to the Pennsylvania Assembly, the commonwealth's quasi-legislature. He started a general-interest periodical called *Gentleman's Magazine* (a rare failure). He designed and built the Franklin stove, an ingenious heating device that could warm large rooms with less firewood than existing stoves. The Franklin stove was adopted across the northern hemisphere, but Franklin refused an offer to establish patent rights to the stove. In 1743, he founded and led the American Philosophical Society, which became the colonies' leading intellectual body. He studied everything from the currents in the ocean to whether young women or old women made the best mistresses (his wry essay on this subject—arguing for old mistresses—scandalized nineteenth-century admirers).



Archive Photos

He organized and became colonel of the Pennsylvania militia, establishing a lottery to purchase a battery of cannons for his troops. By 1746, he was deep into his experiments on electricity. His subsequent papers, which were read at the Royal Society in London, made him one of the most famous scientists of his day. Back home, he raised enough money to establish a school for the children of Philadelphia, which eventually turned into the University of Pennsylvania. He invented the lightning rod to save buildings from fire, another invention that was soon adopted across the globe. In 1748, he was elected to Philadelphia's city council. The next year he became the justice of the peace (which he soon gave up, aware that he had no legal qualifications for the job). Only then, in 1751, did he join the Pennsylvania Assembly, setting up the career in politics and government that would dominate the second half of his life. And through all this time he churned out essays, poems, and inquiries at a rate that would kill a normal human being.

This isn't a bad record of accomplishment. And the first part of his rise, his pilgrim's progress from boyhood to young printer, he later chronicled in his autobiography, which, for a long time, was considered the most influential book in American history. It defined the American striver and certainly helped found the American voice, with its mixture of homily and comedy, and the alternation among modesty, self-revealing candor, and only slightly abashed boasting. By the 1850s, Franklin's *Autobiography* had been reprinted nearly 120 times.

Through the nineteenth century, most Americans embraced Franklin. They were coming to see that a republic like America depended on a people with republican virtues, and Franklin seemed like the ideal. "Franklin was the true type of the pure noble republican feeling of America," the *New York Times* declared in 1856, "George Washington was but a noble British officer, made republican by circumstances. Franklin was a republican by birth, by labor, by instinct, and by thought." It's almost fair to say that a cult of Franklin developed; it became normal to praise him lavishly. The historian George Bancroft noted that "with placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin

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looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature." The British philosopher and historian James Mackintosh labeled him "the American Socrates." Edward Everett inaugurated a series of "Franklin Lectures."

Franklin's reputation peaked during the Gilded Age. For the great industrialists, he was the quintessential self-made man. "The maxims of 'poor Richard' exactly suited my sentiments. I read the book again and again, and wondered if I might not do something in the same line by similar means," said Thomas Mellon, who had a statue of Franklin erected in his office building.

But during the nineteenth century there was also dissent by people who despised Franklin and the version of America he represented. Such writers as Thoreau, Melville, and Emerson tweaked, satirized, and sometimes condemned Franklin for his moral complacency, his self-satisfaction, and, most of all, his materialism. By the time his reputation had been fully appropriated by the industrialists of the Gilded Age, he aroused caustic fury: Mark Twain said that Franklin's *Autobiography* "was of a vicious disposition" that would "inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages."

The two most influential assaults on Franklin were still to come. In *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* Max Weber portrayed Franklin as a squalid utilitarian who subverts everything to worldly success. "The summum bonum of this ethic," Weber claimed, was "the earning of more and more money." Normal people earned money so they could buy things, but for Franklin, Weber suggested, making money became the end in itself.

The other great blow came in the name of Art. D.H. Lawrence wrote a splenetic diatribe against Franklin:

> Old Daddy Franklin will tell you. He'll rig him up for you, the pattern American.... Now if Mr. Andrew Carnegie, or any other millionaire, had wished to invent a God to suit his ends, he could not have done better. Benjamin did it for him in the eighteenth century. God is the supreme servant of men who want to get on, to produce. Providence. The Provider. The heavenly storekeeper. The everlasting Wanamaker.

Lawrence concludes:

> But man has a soul, though you can't locate it either in his heart or his stomach or his head. The wholeness of man is his soul, not merely that nice little comfortable bit which Benjamin marks out.... And now I, at least, know why I can't stand Benjamin. He tries to take away my wholeness and my dark forest, my freedom. For how can any man be free without an illimitable background? And Benjamin tries to shove me into a barbed wire paddock and make me grow potatoes.

Franklin's reputation has never recovered. In 1906, the *New York Times* reversed course and editorialized, "He seems to have been quite without definite ambition, his attitude toward life was mildly cynical, and by inclination he was a manager rather than leader of men." Increasingly, writers began to emphasize and exaggerate his skirt-chasing. As Freud's influence grew during the twentieth century, Franklin's straightforward, sunny disposition came to seem naive, even pathetic.

By the middle of the twentieth century, even Franklin's admirers treated him more as an entertaining character than as a man of genius and accomplishment. He was a sort of Will Rogers in knickers. He made shrewd observations. He smiled and gave knowing winks. The film in the Franklin museum in Philadelphia, made for the bicentennial in 1976, treats him as Poor Richard, the smiling old man with a gentle appreciation for the follies of human nature. Franklin's relentless energy, his ambition, his creativity are ignored. Instead, he's the sort of lovable character who might be corporate spokesman for Pepperidge Farm cookies.

Almost no one noticed the bicentennial of Franklin's death in 1990. There were two news articles (one called "Our Founding Flirt"), and there were a couple academic conferences, where ambivalence seemed to be the order of the day. Literary critics are now more apt to study Franklin than are historians. The most stunning sign of his decline is that sixty-two years went by without a single major biography. Carl Van Doren's study was published in 1938. It's recognized as a masterwork, but the existence of masterworks about Lincoln seems to have deterred no one from writing another book about him. In Franklin's case, the interest just wasn't there.

But now, finally, the pond is coming to life. *Time*'s managing editor, Walter Isaacson, is working on a biography of Franklin. And we actually have a new Franklin biography in hand. Texas A&M professor H.W. Brands, who less than three years ago published a massive biography of Teddy Roosevelt, is out with *The First American: The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin*. It is a fluid, clear, and nicely paced book. It is easy and enjoyable to read. But, unfortunately, it scarcely leaves a mark. Van Doren's is actually more interesting and informative. Brands tells the story of Franklin, but he rarely steps back to judge him or even to generalize about his character. So marked is this book by a lack of reflection, it seems more the work of a news reporter than a historian.

Which is a grand abdication. For surely the most important task for any-

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Hulton Getty. Opposite: Archive Photos.

Above: Currier & Ives's picture of Franklin's 1752 experiment with lightning. Opposite: Franklin wearing the bifocals he invented.

body who writes about Franklin is to judge him. As we've seen, the man has aroused an amazing variety of emotions, from rapt admiration to furious condemnation. And it's important to judge him now, because in wrestling with Franklin we are wrestling with a bigger question: How healthy is America? Are we slouching toward Gomorrah? Or are we experiencing a golden age of peace and prosperity, a recovery of morals and traditions? Franklin was, as the historian Carl Becker put it, "pungently American," and never more so than today, when the Franklinian Man is the quintessential figure of the age.

One thing is certain. People who have fervent views of Franklin, whether for him or against him, are wrong.

When one reads Weber and Lawrence on Franklin, one is struck mostly by how silly they are. Weber and Lawrence both argue, for instance, that money was an end in itself for Franklin. But that's absurd. Franklin was a successful merchant, but as soon as he made enough money to live on—not well but comfortably—he gave up his business, and for the remaining four decades of his life pursued science, diplomacy, and public service.

To describe him as a grubby utilitarian was simply to ignore the evidence. Rarely has any man spent more time thinking about virtue and improving his character. It's true that his view of virtue and character was not an exalted one. His was a man-centered universe. "Vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden," he wrote. "They are forbidden because they are hurtful." "Serving God is doing good to man." But judged by his works and habits, he was a great man. He was curious, disciplined, responsible, tolerant, patriotic, and on many occasions selfless.

And yet, one can't help having anxieties about the state of his soul. He had good habits, but don't his writings reveal a man who was a bit complacent? Relentlessly happy and optimistic, he showed no awareness of the tragic elements of life, of the existence of sin and evil. Jonathan Edwards, his contemporary and his great foil, argued that the virtues Franklin championed, such as prudence and honesty, were in fact forms of self-love—because they were concerned merely with worldly satisfaction.

"True happiness," said Edwards, "consists in the worship and the service of God, in seeking the glory of God, which is the proper exercise of true virtue." As others have noted, Franklin represented the Protestant ethic without the Protestantism. He was half the eternal debate between good works and faith. As Van Wyck Brooks noted, Edwards spoke to the "upper levels of the human mind" and Franklin "to its lower levels."

Perhaps the best way to make sense of Franklin is to say he was great but insufficient. Measured by achievement, he was unsurpassed, but of course we measure a person not only by what he does, but by what he is. And his writings reveal a man who defended his country from every threat, except a creeping flatness of soul.

Nowadays when you walk amidst the office parks, you see a country that is great but insufficient too—great in its scientific accomplishments, in its tolerance and in its industriousness (America is now the hardest working nation on earth, having surpassed Japan). And yet insufficient because of its self-satisfaction and complacency.

Full of good cheer, today's office-park Americans hurtle off into the technological future, chirping about their forthcoming ability to rewire human nature by manipulating the genetic code. You get the impression the next great evil will be perpetrated by genial, bland people, optimistically pushing their science while blithely unaware of the dark forests they are upending.

For so long, we've tried to defend Benjamin Franklin's virtues from people like D.H. Lawrence and all those counterculturalists who waged Romantic assaults on capitalism, middle-class morality, and character. But now the main problem is excess Franklinism, and we've got to figure out how to bring to today's America the tragic sense and the moral gravity that was so lacking in its Founding Yuppie. ♦

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Frontispice de l'Amerique, from the Encyclopedie des Voyages, 1796. Gianni Dagli Ortis / CORBIS.

Tocqueville's Democracy

Mansfield and Winthrop produce the best edition of the best book on America. **BY DANIEL J. MAHONEY**

As Harvey Mansfield and Delba Winthrop suggest in the remarkable introduction to their new translation of *Democracy in America*, almost everyone claims Alexis de Tocqueville for their side these days.

For the Left, Tocqueville is primarily a philosopher of community and civic engagement, a critic of bourgeois materialism, and an advocate of democratic citizenship. For the Right, he is a prophet who foresaw the dangers of the nanny state and the egalitarian excesses of democratic societies.

Part of the difficulty in reaching a clear understanding of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* is that there exists a fair share of truth—and a fair share of falsity—in both these renderings. The partisan distortions of the Left are more fundamental: ignoring Tocqueville's real, if qualified, admiration for aristocracy, his profound respect for religion, and his criticism of the "passion for equality." But, for its part, the Right too often confuses Tocqueville's criticism of big government with an attack on government itself, and tends to ignore his eloquent arguments in defense of political liberty and even national greatness.

The partisan appropriators of Tocqueville have this in common: They have transformed Tocqueville into a partisan in American political battles. They forget that, with *Democracy in America*, Tocqueville conceived himself to have written a book principally about *democracy*, rather than just America. This aristocratic liberal came to North America in 1831 to discern the democratic future that awaited Europe and—eventually, he believed—the whole world. He was the first political philosopher to make democracy his central and abiding concern.

In the young American republic, democracy, understood as equality of conditions, seemed to have reached its extreme limits. For Tocqueville, the decency of American laws and mores showed that there was no need to despair of democracy, even as he saw the unique threats to human freedom and dignity posed by democracy's seemingly unstoppable march. Tocqueville approached his subject matter, "the democratic revolution," with what he called "salutary fear." His "holy enterprise" was nothing less than the preservation of liberty and human excellence in an egalitarian age. In contrast to both the uncritical admirers of democracy and its reactionary critics, he refused to be either a flatterer or a disparager of the new democracy.

The result, Mansfield and Winthrop argue, is that *Democracy in America* stands as the "best book ever written on democracy and the best book ever written on America." In a way no one else has, Tocqueville demonstrated the superiority of American practice to modern democratic theory.

What we need, here at the beginning of the century, is a fresh examination—one that begins from Tocqueville's own concerns and not from our desire to use him for our political battles. Mansfield and Winthrop (the translators are a married couple as well as distinguished political theorists and Tocqueville scholars) have contributed

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immeasurably to that task by providing hundreds of notes identifying events, allusions, and names that are no longer familiar, and by providing an accurate and readable translation of *Democracy in America*, one far superior to the old editions.

Henry Reeve's early translation of *Democracy in America* was marred by his British preference for aristocracy, which colored his translation throughout and brought forth a reproach from Tocqueville himself. George Lawrence's translation from the 1960s is fluid and eloquent but strewn with errors and inconsistencies. Tocqueville often wrote in short, almost aphoristic paragraphs, somehow managing to combine sparkling elegance with intellectual depth. The Mansfields' faithful rendering of his style allows English readers to appreciate for the first time Tocqueville's approach.

Mansfield and Winthrop provide as well a comprehensive, eighty-six page introduction. The equivalent of a small, dense, and rewarding book, it is the best introduction to Tocqueville's life and thought available—particularly helpful in clarifying Tocqueville's relation to Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Pascal, the three great thinkers with whose books he said he spent some time every day.

From Montesquieu, Tocqueville learned a distinctively modern form of prudence, one that rejected both the classical quest for the best regime and the early modern reliance on abstract principles derived from a prepolitical state of nature. But Tocqueville saw the need to go beyond Montesquieu's liberalism. Montesquieu was the philosopher of commerce, who believed that the free exchange of goods and ideas would humanize manners and morals. He was confident that commerce, in conjunction with the separation of powers, would be sufficient to guarantee human freedom in the modern world. Tocqueville, by contrast, feared that the mildness introduced by excessive material well-being would contribute to the enervation of the human spirit and give rise to a new despotism. For all of his admiration for Montesquieu, Tocqueville believed that a "new political science is needed for a world altogether new."

The "conservative" Tocqueville rejected the "radical" Rousseau's extreme formulation of egalitarian principles as well as his nostalgia for the ancient city. But Tocqueville nonetheless had great admiration for the author of *The Social Contract*, for he learned from Rousseau the inadequacy of the one-sided emphasis on self-interest in modern political thought.

Tocqueville's debt to Pascal is perhaps the most fundamental. From the seemingly non-political Pascal, the very political Tocqueville learned spiritual depth and confirmation of his own experience of the fundamental "restiveness" of the human soul. Tocqueville's description of the restlessness of the Americans in the midst of their well-being, of the unhappiness that accompanies the "pursuit of happiness," seems to be "a page torn from the *Pensées* of Pascal" (to quote Pierre Manent's felicitous formulation).

Bettmann / CORBIS

Democracy in America
by Alexis de Tocqueville,
translated by Harvey C. Mansfield
and Delba Winthrop
Univ. of Chicago Press, 832 pp., $35

The second volume of *Democracy in America* even contains eloquent Pascalian reflections on the greatness and misery of man. But Tocqueville could not rest content with a Christian critique of human pride. He saw Pascal, the critic of human pride, as himself a representative of human greatness, of the "ardent, haughty, and disinterested love of the true." And he feared human greatness in all domains would have difficulty finding a place in the new democratic dispensation. But Tocqueville, unlike Pascal, also found greatness in politics. He believed political liberty allowed human beings to escape their misery and isolation and find a kind of nobility in civic endeavors.

As Mansfield and Winthrop suggest, Tocqueville's deepest insight was into the self-radicalizing propensities of democracy. Democracies always strive to become "more democratic." For Tocqueville, democracy was more than a political regime. It was nothing less than a new order of humanity. Its founding principle was the sovereignty of the people: the application of individual and collective consent to every aspect of human life. Tocqueville saw that democracy "democratizes" aspects of life such as the family, religion, and the intellectual life—which were once considered to be "natural" and hence, in crucial respects, beyond politics.

Tocqueville is rightly regarded as a prudent defender of liberal or constitutional democracy. But he is also a sharp critic of the fundamental assumptions underlying modern political theory. That theory begins "by positing autonomous individuals living in a state of nature" who leave the state of nature, enter civil society, and agree to its conventional laws, customs, and moral rules. But Tocqueville's analysis reveals how the notion of human autonomy not only persists in democratic civil society, but begins to transform human hearts and minds on an unprecedented scale. Democratic man increasingly inhabits a "state of nature" within civil society, undirected by any governing moral or intellectual authority. He affirms his autonomy and denies the legitimacy of tradition as

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well as of intellectual and religious authority. But he soon finds that the burden of groundless choice is too much to bear. Democratic man begins to rely on increasingly abstract "general ideas," as well as to take his bearing from "public opinion," since one is able to defer to common opinions without recognizing the superiority of anyone in particular. Mass conformity is deeply rooted in the psychology of democratic man.

Not knowing what or how to choose, democratic man succumbs to individualism or apathetic withdrawal from public responsibilities. He becomes vulnerable to "mild despotism" and willingly accepts the supposedly benevolent commands of experts and administrators who promise to relieve him from the burdens of too much choice (Tocqueville anticipated Philip Rieff's "triumph of the therapeutic" by over a hundred years).

Democratic philosophers, for their part, preach a "pantheism" that denies the uniqueness of man, conflating the human with what is above it and below it. And "democratic historians," Tocqueville suggests, increasingly deny the possibility of individual choice and attribute everything that happens to grand social, economic, and historical forces. Modernity begins with man's excessive self-assertion and ends with his self-enslavement. Tocqueville captures this paradox better than any other student of modern politics and philosophy, and thus his work is worthy of our continued reflection.

Does this mean that democracy is its own worst enemy? Tocqueville seems to suggest as much. But Mansfield and Winthrop show that, for Tocqueville, the remedies for the illnesses promoted by modern political *theory* can be found, at least to some extent, in democratic *practice*. It is not a question of rejecting democracy but of refusing the "democratic dogma" that speaks in its name. Such "schools of freedom" as the township, the judiciary, and associations provide practical illustrations of the limits of individual autonomy and the human need for reliance on others. Even the morally inadequate doctrine of "self-interest well understood" can enlarge human hearts by teaching men that it is in their interest to collaborate with others. Religion and family may be continually transformed by democracy but they are permanent and salutary reminders of the limits of individual independence and thus important "parts of *self*-government."

Harvey Mansfield and Delba Winthrop's splendid edition of *Democracy in America* reminds us that American practice can be better than the modern theory that informs it—both because practice need not be fully transformed by theory and because "practice tends to correct theory." Thus Tocqueville is both liberating and sobering. He allows us to appreciate that America is more than a modern regime and therefore not destined to succumb to either mild despotism or moral nihilism. Yet he also warns us that democratic intellectuals will not accept the legitimacy of beliefs and practices that are not in accord with the "logic" of democratic consent and individual autonomy.

A current example is the recent assault on the Boy Scouts for their refusal to acquiesce to the moral legitimacy of homosexuality. The Boy Scouts, we are now sternly told by self-appointed spokesmen for democracy, are enemies of freedom and equality. Tocqueville's work allows us to see that the "culture wars" are not simply a product of 1960s radicalism. They are rooted, rather, in the permanent tension between theory and practice at the heart of American democracy—a tension that no one has better elucidated than Alexis de Tocqueville. ♦

The Wilt Factor

Pay It Forward *is a great half movie.*

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

The movie *Pay It Forward* is a fable about an eleven-year-old boy who comes up with a plan to change the world for the better—and it's a prime example of a moviegoing phenomenon that might be called "the wilt factor."

It is sensationally good for the first forty-five minutes or so—so good, in fact, that you begin to think you might be in the presence of a classic piece of high Hollywood sentiment. And then, slowly but inexorably, it gets more conventional, more obvious, more manipulative, and more unconvincing. And as *Pay It Forward* wilts, writer Leslie Dixon and director Mimi Leder become desperate, finally attempting to pick you up like a dishtowel, forcibly wring a few last tears out of you, and hang you up to dry as the credits roll. A film that began so wonderfully concludes hatefully and falsely, with a cruel and unnecessary plot twist and a final image stolen in part from a Coca-Cola commercial.

The structure of *Pay It Forward* is ingenious. In the opening sequence, a cynical reporter on his uppers in Los Angeles (played by Jay Mohr) has his car destroyed at a crime scene. As he circles the car in despair, a total stranger comes out of a house and tosses him the keys to a new Jaguar. "I've had good luck lately," the stranger says and promises to be in touch. The action then shifts to Las Vegas four months earlier, where a boy named Trevor (Haley Joel Osment, who came to stardom in *The Sixth Sense*) is mired in a hardscrabble and lonely existence in the glitz-free part of town, the son of an absent father and an alcoholic cocktail waitress named Arlene (Helen Hunt).

A contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *John Podhoretz is a columnist for the* New York Post.

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Trevor is inspired by a challenge from his social-studies teacher, Mr. Simonet (Kevin Spacey), to come up with an idea that will make a difference. Rather than paying someone back for a difficult favor, Trevor determines, the principle should be to "pay it forward"—to do three favors for others, who in turn will be obliged to do three favors each, and so on.

The favors have to be difficult and costly ones, because such services will confer a sense of obligation sufficient to keep the "pay it forward" principle going. Trevor starts off by using his savings to help a junkie land a job at a local motel—and then decides to help both his mother and Mr. Simonet by pairing them off. The movie moves on parallel time tracks as that romance takes hold and the reporter with the Jaguar traces the source of his gift from Los Angeles to Las Vegas through the experiences of those who found themselves the unlikely beneficiaries of Trevor's idea.

Like all the great movie fables that inspired it, *Pay It Forward* is suffused with melancholy. Its characters are wounded, isolated, and busy harboring their grievances. Mr. Simonet, whose face is marked with burn scars, turns suddenly nasty when Trevor asks him what happened (because he assumes the other kids in school have put the boy up to it). Arlene, who has promised Trevor she will stop drinking, has bottles, hidden in the washing machine and in the kitchen ceiling, to which she resorts at times of stress.

The movie's portrait of lower-depths Las Vegas is especially remarkable, as its characters go about their business on the fringes of this adult playground. Trevor rides his bike alongside a city dump without even looking at the Strip glistening like the Emerald City a mile to the east. To get decent tips, Arlene flirts with customers in the bar where she works, then drops her smile like a piece of rotted meat when she turns away. Late at night, Mr. Simonet irons his shirt for the next school day as the million casino lights twinkle ironically through the window.

All three actors' performances are extraordinary. Spacey captures perfectly the over-precise but gently humorous pedantry of a dedicated junior-high-school teacher and the terror this very controlled man feels when his neurotically orderly world is invaded by the needy and sloppy Arlene. Hunt is a particular revelation, scrounging around desperately for her bottles, visibly weighed down by the disappointment and disgust of her son.

And as for Osment—who *is* this kid? Last year he gave the greatest performance ever delivered onscreen by a child in *The Sixth Sense*, and now he turns around and offers another indelible characterization of a brilliant and complex boy.

There's a moment toward the end of the film when the reporter finally catches up with Trevor and puts him on camera for a news report, and Osment, who has hardly cracked a smile in the preceding two hours, shows how delighted Trevor is by the attention with a gigantic and sweet grin, his legs swinging excitedly as he sits perched on a stool in the middle of Mr. Simonet's classroom. His is some kind of freak genius akin to the musicianship of a violin prodigy, and one can only hope that Osment doesn't flame out from the pressure as so many prodigies do.

Alas, the brilliant setup and performances in *Pay It Forward* cannot make up for the wilting that occurs when the plot kicks into high gear. A terrific movie turns into a second-rank feature for television, as Trevor's indifferent father returns to the scene, Mr. Simonet reveals the ridiculously unconvincing cause of his scars, and the movie's creative team does its best—or rather, its worst—to guarantee that Osment is not unfairly denied a Best Supporting Actor Oscar at next year's ceremony as he was at this year's.

It's like finding wilted lettuce at the bottom of a salad that tasted so good when you began eating it. ♦

The Devil's Party

Philip Pullman's bestselling fantasy series retells the story of Creation—with Satan as the hero. **BY ALAN JACOBS**

In the world of literature for adolescents—"young adults" as the publishers call them—fantasy stories have a particular power to inspire loyalty. Think of J.R.R. Tolkien's sagas of Middle Earth, Ursula K. LeGuin's Earthsea books, Lloyd Alexander's Chronicles of Prydain, Madeleine L'Engle's Time Quartet, and all the rest.

These writers' ability to construct what Tolkien called "secondary worlds"—complex environments sufficiently like our own to be recognizable but sufficiently different to generate excitement and wonder—is the chief means by which they secure their readers' devotion. And it is precisely for this reason that something consequential is at stake when judging books of this kind: They offer not just a story but a world, and the lesson they teach is not just a moral but a worldview.

With the publication last week of *The Amber Spyglass*, the English writer Philip Pullman concludes the series that began in 1996 with *The Golden Compass* (or *Northern Lights*, as it was more appropriately called in England) and continued in 1998 with *The Subtle Knife*.

The collective title of the trilogy is *His Dark Materials*, and it clearly marks Pullman as a masterful maker of secondary worlds—a writer whose talent puts him in the league of Tolkien, LeGuin, and Alexander.

A professor of English at Wheaton College, Alan Jacobs wrote "The God of the Bestseller List" for the December 6, 1999, issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Pullman's career as a writer, though distinguished, did not promise this. His children's mysteries set in Victorian London (the Sally Lockhart series) and his comic adventures (*I Was a Rat!*, *Count Karlstein*) are admirable, but none approaches the scope and ambition of *His Dark Materials*. Indeed, almost the only themes that connect his new trilogy with his earlier work are a predilection for female protagonists and a sentimental genuflection before adolescent sexual awakening.

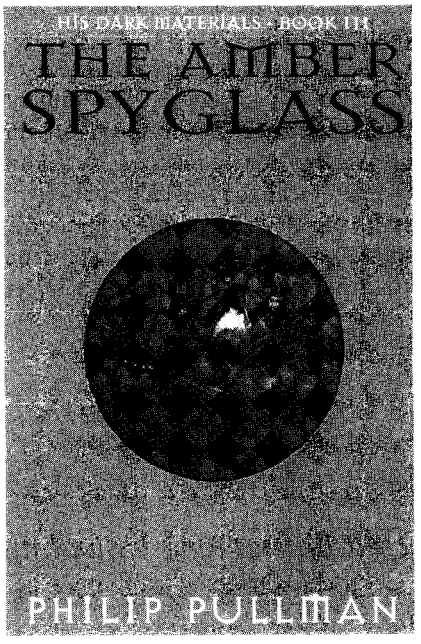
In all other respects, *His Dark Materials* seems to come out of nowhere—but readers and critics alike have already recognized Pullman's achievement. Even before *The Amber Spyglass*'s release, it was twelfth on Amazon.com's bestseller list. *The Golden Compass* and *The Subtle Knife*, the previous books in the series, have reaped almost every award available and won places on the "best of the year" lists from *Publishers Weekly*, *Booklist*, and the American Library Association.

Remarkably, many successful fantasies are theologically freighted, and Pullman's is no exception—but the theological freight his books carry turns out to be a distinct *anti*-theology. The phrase "his dark materials" comes from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and early in *The Golden Compass* the reader can already see that Pullman is retelling Milton's epic and, by extension, the Biblical narrative on which it is based. In *His Dark Materials* Pullman offers a Creation story with the familiar roles reversed: If, as William Blake said, "Milton was of the Devil's Party without knowing it," Pullman knows perfectly well whose side *he* is on.

Whichever party readers support in the ancient contest between God and Satan, they will be disappointed to see how often, in *The Amber Spyglass*, the tale's momentum is interrupted by polemic. Pullman's anti-theistic scolding consorts poorly with his prodigious skills as a storyteller. In imagination and narrative drive, he has few peers among current novelists. For such gifts to be thrust into the service of a reductive and contemptuous ideology is very nearly a tragedy.

His Dark Materials is a story not just of another world, but of multiple other worlds. The first volume, *The Golden Compass*, takes place in a universe similar to, but in crucial ways different from, our own. The plot is driven, at first, by its heroine Lyra Belacqua's attempt to discover who is kidnapping poor and neglected children in this alternative England.

But, as Lyra's quest continues, ever deeper levels of meaning are revealed, until we learn the titanic role that this girl will play: She has, one character says, "a great destiny that can only be fulfilled elsewhere—not in this world, but far beyond. Without this child, we shall all die."



The Amber Spyglass
by Philip Pullman
Knopf, 518 pp., $19.95

In the second book, *The Subtle Knife*, set partly in our own world, we are introduced to a determined, resourceful, but troubled boy named Will, whose ability to wield the "subtle knife"—which can cut literally anything and can open windows into multiple worlds—makes him the apt partner for Lyra, whose story he joins.

Finally, in the third installment, *The Amber Spyglass*, the strands converge: The fates of many worlds depend on the outcome of a prodigious battle, a War in Heaven, a universal Armageddon, and Lyra and Will have key roles to play.

From the first sentence of *The Golden Compass*, Pullman's brilliance is apparent: "Lyra and her daemon moved through the darkening hall, taking care to keep to one side, out of sight of the kitchen." In Lyra's world each person is accompanied by a lifelong companion in the form of an animal; this daemon is a kind of material projection of character, and since a child's character is not fully formed, children's daemons are capable of changing shape.

Puberty, then, involves not only hormonal change but also the "settling" of one's daemon into its permanent form. Pullman brilliantly exploits the strange appropriateness of his invention. He has found a potent way to embody the human dilemma adolescents feel particularly strongly: We fear being alone, but dread still more the disapproving gaze of others. The daemons in Lyra's world always comfort, never burden.

The author's resourcefulness scarcely ends there. There are the "panserbjørne," sentient, inscrutable Arctic bears with magnificent self-forged armor (their king, Iorek Byrnison, is one of the most memorable characters in the series); the lovingly rendered culture of the "gyptians" (for gypsies); and Lyra's "alethiometer," an intricate "symbol reader," which she uses to acquire almost any knowledge she seeks. It is hard to think of another fantasist whose invention is so prodigious: Classic writers like Tolkien, and the currently celebrated J.K. Rowling, typically work with more conventional iconography.

Yet Pullman also draws on well-known literary traditions. Lyra and Will's harrowing descent into Hell, which largely fulfills their joint quest and constitutes the key episode of the trilogy, pays due homage to previous treatments, from Homer to Virgil to Dante—with a fascinating variation drawn from Aeschylus' *The Eumenides*.

One of the most interesting things about this episode in Hell, which occu-

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pies several chapters of *The Amber Spyglass*, is its echoes of C.S. Lewis's *The Great Divorce*—interesting, because Pullman loathes Lewis. He has condemned "the sheer dishonesty of the narrative method" in Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*, calling the series "one of the most ugly and poisonous things I've ever read," with "no shortage of... nauseating drivel."

Pullman's echoes of Lewis are thus revisionary gestures, revealing his hatred not only of Lewis but of the Christianity Lewis represents. And this hatred becomes central, all too central, to Pullman's story.

In the early pages of *The Amber Spyglass*, a pair of angels explain to Will certain events from the origin of the cosmos. (The role of the "Dust" they refer to is complicated; suffice it to say that Dust is the embodiment of either Original Sin or the creative energy of humankind, which may be the same thing in Pullman's world.)

> The Authority, God, the Creator, the Lord, Yahweh, El, Adonai, the King, the Father, the Almighty—those were all names he gave himself. He was never the creator. He was an angel like ourselves—the first angel, true, the most powerful, but he was formed of Dust as we are, and Dust is only a name for what happens when matter begins to understand itself.... The first angels condensed out of Dust, and the Authority was the first of all. He told those who came after him that he had created them, but it was a lie.

This is religious polemic disguised as explanation, but the polemic appears undisguised often enough. In *The Subtle Knife* we hear a witch—and Pullman's witches are extravagantly virtuous—proclaim that "every church is the same: control, destroy, obliterate every good feeling." In *The Amber Spyglass* the angel Xaphania tells a woman named Mary that "she and the rebel angels, the followers of wisdom, have always tried to open minds; and Authority and his churches have always tried to keep them closed."

The Creation story that the rebel angels tell is not Pullman's invention. It's the one that Milton's Satan tells in Book V of *Paradise Lost*:

The Huntington Library

Satan, Sin, and Death, from William Blake's illustrations for John Milton's Paradise Lost.

> *We know no time when we were not as now;*
> *Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised*
> *By our own quickening power, when fatal course*
> *Had circled his full orb, the birth mature*
> *Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.*
> *Our puissance is our own, our own right hand*
> *Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try*
> *Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold*
> *Whether by supplication we intend*
> *Address, and to begirt the almighty throne*
> *Beseeching or besieging. This report,*
> *These tidings carry to the anointed king.*

In other words, Satan believes that Creation was determined by some impersonal destiny ("fatal course")—just as Pullman's rebel angels contend that Dust inexplicably "condensed" into angels. God holds his throne, Satan says elsewhere, only by the strength of His "thunder." There is no question, then, of His eternal right to sovereignty. Satan's debate is purely strategic: whether to "beseech" or "besiege" the Authority in his Kingdom. Eventually, Satan chooses war and loses, after which, unwilling to submit, he finds a third course, to be pursued on Earth rather than in Heaven: "guile" rather than "force." From this new strategy results the temptation in Eden and our subsequent history of pain and brokenness.

Satan's struggle is not over, of course, and the book of Revelation, in some readings, envisions a final battle between the old antagonists. By telling a version of this Armageddon story, Pullman extends his narrative from Creation to Apocalypse. The human leader of the rebels, Lord Asriel, marshals a vast army of mortal and immortal troops to assault the forces of the Authority and his Regent (the rather dubiously named Metatron). Asriel proves his fitness to be a Satanic hero by repeatedly announcing his determination to "break free" of the Authority's tyranny, for the good of himself and all humanity. He exploits the whole rhetorical apparatus of the self-proclaimed Liberator, and it is not clear that Pullman realizes how much Asriel sounds like all other Liberators, from Robespierre to Stalin.

The first step in Asriel's war is the building of a bridge between the worlds, which was also the first task of Milton's Satan. Ultimately Asriel re-

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enacts Satan's voyage—though Pullman divides the Satanic role and gives the familiar serpent's task of temptation (or, as he would have it, intellectual and moral liberation) to the pleasant and innocuous Mary. She is a scientist and a former nun, converted from Christianity to a vague neo-paganism by the manifold pleasures of a Mediterranean beach, and is clearly supposed to receive our full sympathy. Meanwhile Asriel engages in dubious battle with the Almighty's army.

At this decisive point in the story, Pullman's narrative energy flags markedly. There are times when it's not even clear what's happening, and the key anti-theological moment—toward which the whole narrative has been heading—is abruptly passed over in a few lines, after which the characters turn to things that more greatly interest them.

I suspect that Pullman does this deliberately, in order to make the *truly* anti-theological point that whether God lives or dies is not in the long run a very significant matter: One character suggests that we could best prove our love for a decrepit God by seeking him out and giving him "the gift of death." But even if this is intentional, it's still a problem. A writer who draws for a thousand pages on the narrative energy generated by the promise of Armageddon, only to toss the theme aside at the last moment, has cheated the reader.

By this point, however, Pullman the storyteller has also been cheated—by Pullman the village atheist. Powerful alternative versions of the Biblical narrative can only be told by people who are themselves passionately theological: Pullman invokes Milton and Blake as his models, but he could scarcely be less like them. Pullman's oft-professed materialism and anti-supernaturalism clash not only with Milton but still more with Blake, who, when he looked at the sun, saw not "a round disk about the size of a guinea" but "a multitude of the heavenly host crying Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty."

In his attempts to diminish God, Pullman ends up diminishing his own story. When the Almighty's Regent, "a being whose profound intellect had had thousands of years to deepen and strengthen itself, and whose knowledge extended over a million universes," is ruined because he can't resist a seductive babe, or when Asriel attacks the Deity with a hovercraft straight out of *Star Wars*, it is not the absurdity of Christian doctrine that one contemplates.

Again and again, Pullman's mocking of religious belief gets him into trouble. There is an irony in Pullman's calling Lewis's narrative method "dishonest," because dishonesty is the signal moral trait of Pullman's trilogy. One sees a number of unequivocally evil people in these books, and one sees a number of Christians, and these are always—*always*—the same people. Everyone associated with the Church is cruel, remorseless, and only rarely less than murderous. Conversely, everyone outside the Church is blindingly righteous, Lord Asriel being the only partial exception. (And his most indefensible deed proves to be the inadvertent cause of—in the narrative's terms—an immeasurably great thing.) These decent, compassionate folk regularly denounce religion and God, while the monsters who run the Church utter scarcely a word in their own defense—just to make sure that no reader comes to a conclusion Pullman doesn't want.

These anathemas are almost comically overt, but Pullman also employs a more insidious method, which becomes available to him through the multiple-worlds device. In *The Amber Spyglass*, a character named Mrs. Coulter says of the Church, "Killing is not difficult for them; Calvin himself ordered the deaths of children"—upon reading which, I thought, "No, he didn't!" But then I remembered that Mrs. Coulter is from Lyra's world, and in Lyra's world the Reformation took a different course (as can be inferred from a reference to "Pope John Calvin" and his decision to move the papal seat to Geneva). This is a nice trick: Other universes become places where Pullman's enemies can be made to do any imaginable evil, so that he can better justify his hatred of them. Meanwhile, who knows how many readers go away from this book believing that John Calvin massacred innocents with the callused enthusiasm of King Herod?

Omission serves Pullman's purposes as well. In the whole trilogy there is just one reference to Jesus Christ, whose teachings, character, and influence do not, after all, fit well with Pullman's picture of Christianity. And how many people, especially young people, know enough about Christian doctrine or the Biblical narrative to realize just how deceptive Pullman's treatment is? How many will know, for instance, that the sin of Adam and Eve had nothing to do with their love for each other, despite Pullman's contentions in *The Amber Spyglass* that the Authority wants a world of ice-cold celibates and that erotic love is a form of rebellious creativity?

But Pullman soldiers doggedly on in his dismal campaign. His Deity doesn't even reward his servants, but condemns all souls to a horrifically vacuous underworld (very like the one visited in Homer's *Odyssey*). Pullman, unlike this Authority, proposes to save these souls—whose agony he powerfully describes—by annihilating them. Some readers may protest that annihilation is a poor sort of salvation, but Pullman portrays his characters' obliteration as a kind of joyous merging with the Cosmos. He even says of one character that the "atoms of his beloved" will be waiting for him when he disintegrates.

Now this is the very height of narrative dishonesty. If I am vaporized, there is no longer an "I" to be rejoined with any equally nonexistent beloved. Atoms are just atoms, and if that's how we end, let's not prettify it with misty-eyed descriptions of children expiring in a "vivid little burst of happiness [like] the bubbles in a glass of champagne." In the end Pullman shies from his own implications and gilds the dark truth he prides himself on being brave enough to face.

Such gilding fits Pullman's general disrespect for honesty: His heroine Lyra, though everyone she meets calls her "innocent," almost always saves the

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Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Blake's illustration of the rebel angels' fall in Paradise Lost.

day with lies, and if in this final installment her lies get her into trouble, the lesson is certainly not that lying doesn't pay but rather that lying doesn't *always* pay.

If Christianity, and religion in general, are what Pullman is against, what is he *for*? Well, he's in favor of open minds; he thinks we must choose between loveless God and godless love, and we should choose love. Events near the story's end suggest that positive energy in the world, the Dust, is produced by specifically erotic love. Mary, that admirable tempter, asserts, "All we can say is that this is a good deed, because it helps someone, or that's an evil one, because it hurts them."

But then there is the bright, shining, explicitly *political* vision that emerges near the end, when a good character called King Ogunwe pronounces:

> I am a king, but it's my proudest task to join Lord Asriel in setting up a world where there are no kingdoms at all. No kings, no bishops, no priests. The Kingdom of Heaven has been known by that name since the Authority first set himself above the rest of the angels. And we want no part of it. This world is different. We intend to be free citizens of the Republic of Heaven.

I suppose as an American I should resonate with this—to help, Pullman prefaces *The Amber Spyglass* with an apocalyptic epigraph from Blake's "America: a Prophecy"—but I don't. Politics and morals would be simple if all abuse of authority could be rectified by the elimination of authority. But, of course, republics require authorities, too. Without at least *some* governance we have, as Hobbes in his cruel clear-sightedness foresaw, not a harmonious commonwealth but the endless "war of every man against every man." Pullman would be shocked if his vision bore such bitter fruit. But in the light of the last two centuries—in *our* world, that is, whose history is not to be neglected even in the creation of alternative worlds—he has no excuse for being shocked.

Ultimately the flaw that cripples Pullman's ambitious trilogy is just this unwillingness to reckon with European history since the Age of Revolution. He renews the splendid anti-authoritarian rhetoric of that era without acknowledging that some of the best-intentioned rebels have seen their lovely plans turn foul. For Pullman, Blake's early romanticism marks the end of history, and in *His Dark Materials* Pullman positions his readers at that wonderful moment before anyone could see, in the cold light of the morning after, the tangled consequences of even the most principled revolutions.

This sentimental refusal of historical understanding leads directly to the Manicheanism of Pullman's moral vision: closed versus open minds, tyrants versus liberators, the vicious Church versus its righteous opponents. It is hard not to be reminded of Robespierre's dictum: "There are only two parties in France, that of corrupt men and that of virtuous men." And such crudity cannot be excused by the purported audience of these books. "Young adults" already spend too much time separating the sheep from the goats—the cool from the uncool, the socially approved from the socially ostracized—and they need no encouragement to practice binary division. A writer who tells adolescents that good folks are distinguished from evil ones on the single criterion of religious belief is not doing them any favors.

The luminously gifted Philip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* is a work so imaginatively potent that it has already inspired the kind of loyalty given to the secondary worlds of Tolkien and the other great fantasists.

But a story so thoroughly sentimental and manipulative doesn't deserve that loyalty. Pullman's readers should not overlook the deception, conscious or unconscious, that lurks at the heart of his beautiful, misbegotten endeavor: "The rhetorician would deceive others," as Yeats once put it, "the sentimentalist himself." ♦

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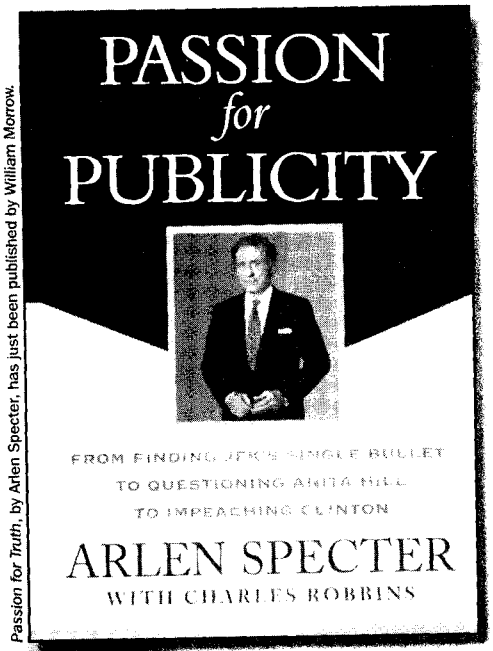

Passion for Truth, by Arlen Specter, has just been published by William Morrow.

The voice thundered, "Senator Specter, how will you vote?"

All eyes were on me. Far-off footsteps echoed through the corridors of power and a hushed silence reigned as all eyes turned to me, while footsteps echoed silently through the corridors of power.

"I said, 'How will you vote?'" The voice seemed sharper now, almost breaching protocol—but protocol is, alas, a dead letter for many of my colleagues.

One almost fancied that the ghosts of Madison, Webster, Clay, and Hightower had their eyes silently turned to me, while through the corridors of power their footsteps thundered silently.

"Hey! Hey! Yo! Yoo-hoo! Senator Specter? Yeah, you! How do you vote?" It was the Chief Justice, again. Some people never understood.

"Not proven!" I said.

"Huh?" said the Chief Justice. "What?" I can't say the look of ignorant fatuity that passed through his eyes surprised me. Appallingly few of my contemporaries, I had come to discover on the Warren Commission, had read Angus McGilloolie's *Commentaries on Ye Bonnie Auld Law o' Scotland*, a classic from 1346 that reads as if it had been written yesterday.

I was heartened, though, that a handful of colleagues rallied to my side with cries of "Oh, puh-lease!" "I mean, really!" "Fer chrissakes!" "Oh, gimme a break!"

I was fully aware of what I had done. My dissent from the stale fixed ideas of left and right would be the real event of that day, remembered long after the story of impeachment had become a tired memory. True, I had never sought the limelight,

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Teachers Versus Children

Chester E. Finn Jr. is a distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and president, Thomas B. Fordham Foundation.

America's teachers' unions have been unusually pugnacious this year, walking out, hardening their line against charter schools, stonewalling experiments with performance-based pay, agitating to ease state academic standards, and going bananas over vouchers and other education referenda. It's not just the election that's got them riled. Much of their present agitation is a reaction against education reforms now gaining traction in some states and communities.

Whether these reforms are the standards and accountability kind or the competition and choice variety, they are being pushed from outside the traditional public education system. So we shouldn't be surprised that the toughest defenders of the status quo, namely, **the teachers' unions, are using every weapon in their arsenals to fend off unwanted changes.**

The teachers' unions are not just playing defense. They are also reaching for new sources of power. A notable example is the unions' ongoing campaign to wrest control of teacher certification from elected boards and state officials and take it into their own hands—and those of their allies in the colleges of education.

At least a dozen states have fallen for this innocent-sounding proposal. Wisconsin yielded last year. Ohio is on the verge.

Legislators are asked to approve an independent "professional standards board" for teachers and give it sole responsibility for training and licensure. The version that's sliding through Ohio's statehouse includes school administrators. Its progress has been lubricated by sizable sums passing from union coffers into legislative campaign treasuries, Republicans most definitely included.

Give the unions full marks for political shrewdness. They know that control of who can teach brings with it vast leverage over everything that happens in education. And where once they confined their largesse to Democrats, today they'll buy or rent any politician who can assist their single-minded pursuit of self-interest. Their pockets are deep. They are astute at public relations, too. **This power grab is carefully concealed under the fig leaf of "teacher professionalism."**

But what a disaster for children and for school reform. Such "standards boards" give the public education establishment control over who can work in a state's public schools and, often, in its charter and private schools. This means that every fad sweeping through the field—whole-language reading, "fuzzy" math, "multiage grouping," whatever—can be made part of every teacher's compulsory training regimen. It means academic content mastery can be subordinated to pedagogy courses. It means that fragile efforts to allow bright college graduates to enter the classroom without passing through ed schools can be stymied and that teacher licensing becomes unhinged from a state's halting attempts to hold its schools to account for their academic performance.

This is not "professionalism." In American society, professionals are skilled practitioners whom clients and patients can choose among. They don't have a monopoly, they don't bargain collectively, and they don't have the right to strike.

It would be a fine thing for teaching to become a true profession, too. But that needs to happen before it's given greater sway over what happens in a state's schools.

— Chester E. Finn Jr.

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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HELPING END DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

He said to me, "If you walk out that door, I'll kill you."

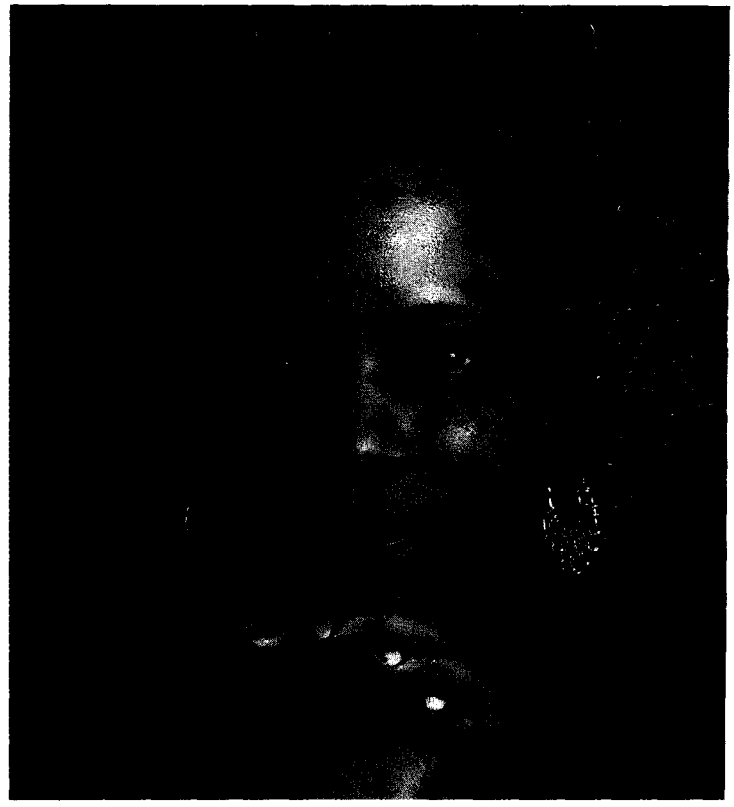
What would you do?

If you've ever wondered why abused women don't just leave, ask Dee.

Beyond the emotional abuse, beatings and stalking, she lived in fear that her boyfriend would hurt her children if she tried to escape. Finally, Dee found SAFEHOME, a program for victims of domestic violence in Johnson County, Kansas that gave her shelter, food and counseling — and the courage to begin a better life.

As a successful career woman and mother of three, Dee knows firsthand that domestic abuse is not the problem of "other" people. It affects millions of women, men and children in every community, regardless of race or income. The time to stop the violence is now.

That's why we established *The Philip Morris Campaign Against Domestic Violence.* Our support of SAFEHOME and similar organizations nationwide is just one of the ways we've been making a difference to communities in need for more than forty years.



If you or someone you know needs help, contact:

National Domestic Violence Hotline
(800) 799-SAFE
www.ndvh.org

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